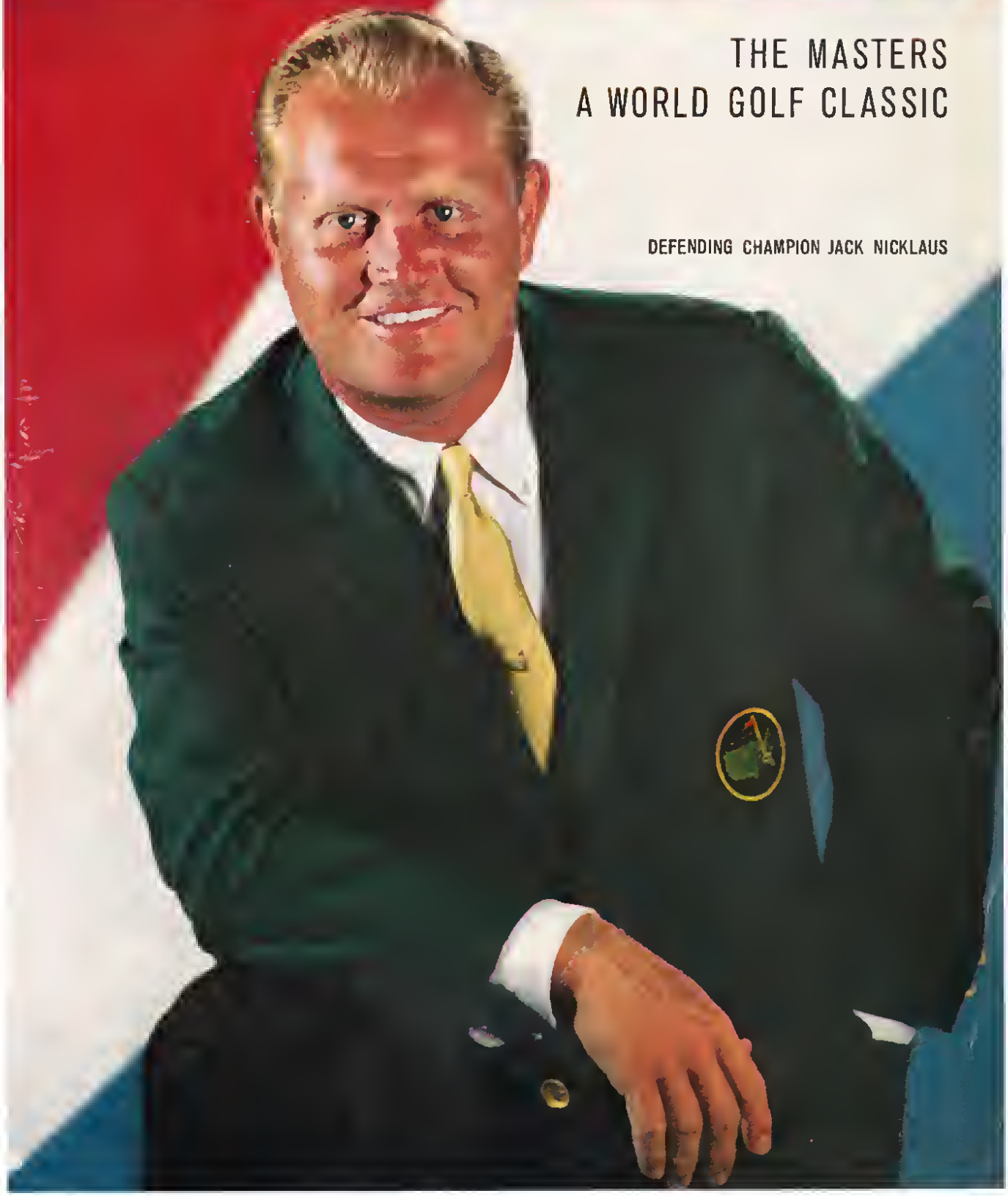
Sports Illustrated
APRIL 10, 1967 40 CENTS



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DEFENDING CHAMPION JACK NICKLAUS





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ASK THE EXPERTS ABOUT THE SHAKESPEARE FIBERGLAS WONDERSHAFT



Grand Slam winner Gary Player tells you what the shaft can do. Plastics expert Dr. G. R. Machlan tells you why.

Q. What's the major advantage of the WonderShaft over steel shafts?



Player: I've always described it as the "feel". I think you can stay with the ball longer with Fiberglas*.



Machlan: The "feel" that Gary describes results from the inherent ability of Fiberglas to dissipate shock. That is, Fiberglas absorbs energy, while steel does not. When the clubhead hits the ball, a discernible "S"-shaped shock wave travels instantly up a steel shaft, jolting the hands backwards. With Fiberglas, the shock wave is absorbed *before* it reaches the hands. The result is better "feel" . . . *and* better follow-through.

Q. How does this "feel" affect your game?

Player: Well, the longer you stay with the ball, the better you hit it and control it. You can add distance, and you have better control over more kinds of shots —low hook, high hook, etc. Also, I've noticed that I'm able to loft the ball more and get more backspin on approach shots.

Machlan: Again, there is a physical explanation. It's partly the absence of recoil shock and better follow-through. But there's more, too. In the downswing, the inertia of the clubhead causes a twisting in the shaft; and the twisting sets up energy which a steel shaft can't absorb. The result is oscillation: the clubhead flutters throughout the swing—sometimes by as much as 20°—and it is still fluttering when it meets the ball.

With Fiberglas, this does not occur. Energy is damped almost instantaneously; and the clubhead is properly aligned at the point of impact.

Q. What about distance?

Player: I've noticed a feeling of extra power. And it does show up in distance.

Machlan: It should. As I've pointed out, this shaft absorbs reaction energy almost immediately. Consequently, the action energy created in the swing is not wasted in an attempt to compensate for reaction energy; and more action energy is delivered to the ball on impact.

Q. Is Fiberglas as durable as steel?

Machlan: Absolutely. In fact, it is *more* durable. Fiberglas can't assume a fixed bend, can't kink or rust—and it is completely unaffected by temperature extremes. It also has far more flexural strength—that is, its resistance to breakage when it strikes a solid object is much greater than that of steel. There is every reason to believe that WonderShafts should outlast steel shafts.

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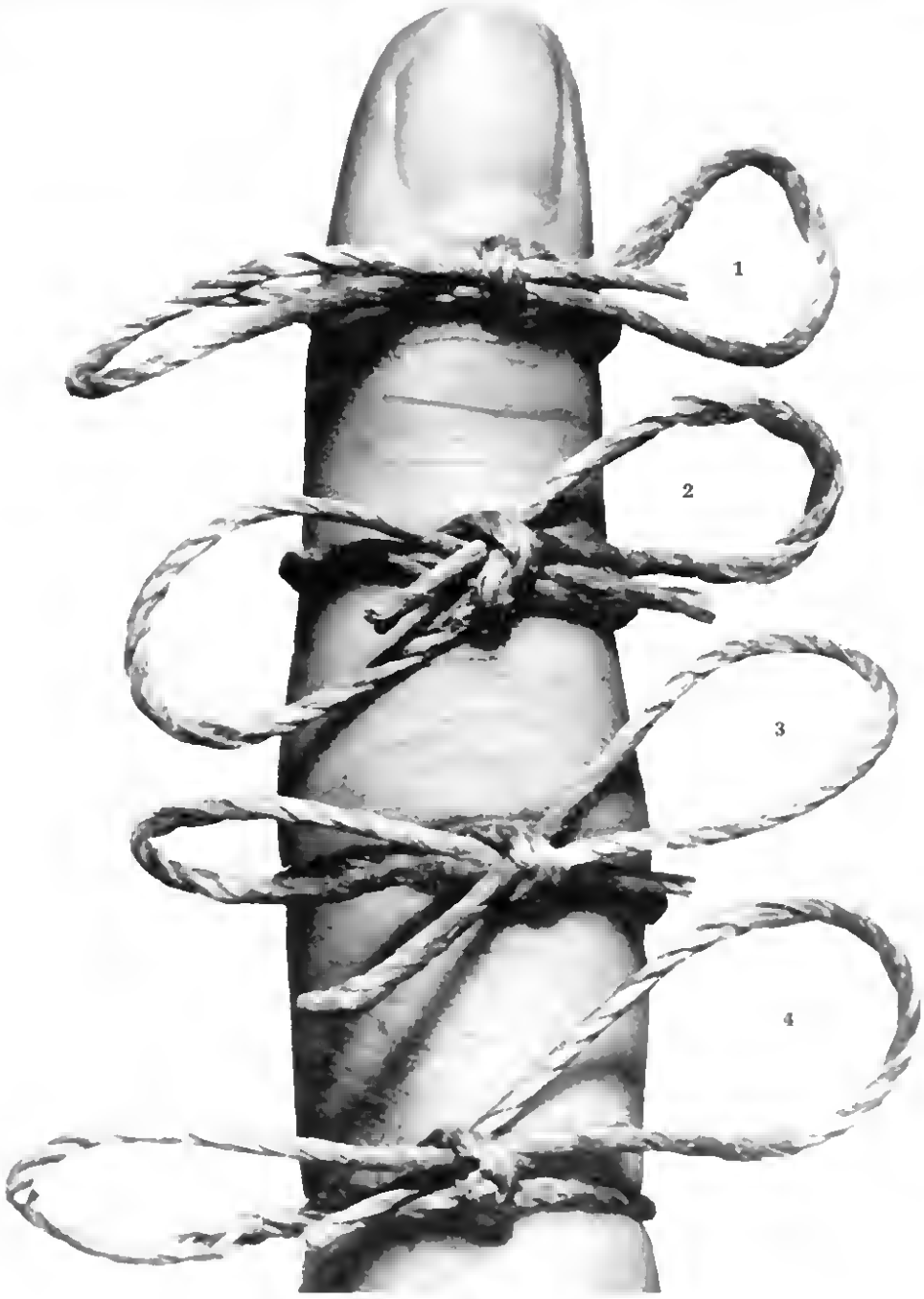
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Remember!

Photo experts are agreed on four important points to remember when buying a better camera

1. Choose a 35mm, single lens reflex camera *This is the most convenient and popular of all types of better cameras It is light weight, easy to use and is the most practical size for color slides It is ideal for travel use You focus and compose the picture through the lens so you get exactly what you see*

2. Be sure it accepts interchangeable lenses *Telephoto lenses bring the subject in closer Wide angle lenses include more in the picture Both expand your photographic capabilities enormously*

3. Insist on a behind the lens exposure meter *It measures the amount of light that goes through the specific lens you are using and gives you immediate exact exposures It eliminates over and under exposed pictures*

4. Be sure this behind the lens meter is a SPOT meter *Professional photographers use spot meters to measure the exposure for the most important part of the picture If you are photographing a girl skiing you're more interested in her face than the snow*

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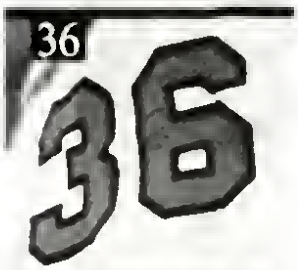
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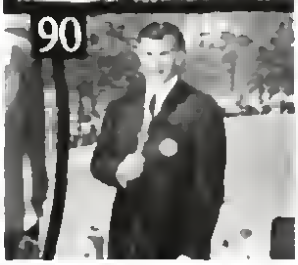












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Credits on page 113

Next week

BASEBALL 1967 gets under way and with it our annual appraisal of the 20 big-league clubs. Plus color photographs of top players who have switched teams since last year.

IT'S TEE-OFF TIME at Augusta National, where the world's best golfers will once again attempt to shake the grip on the Masters that Jack Nicklaus has established for himself.

THE CLASSIC CLASH of power vs. finesse and the personal Chamberlain-Russell duel highlight pro basketball's playoffs between Boston and Philly for the eastern title.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The phone rang early one morning at Sam Baker's house in Philadelphia. Baker, punter and field-goal kicker for the Eagles, listened for a moment, said, "Oh sure, Bud, anytime," and hung up. "It's a guy I know on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," Baker told his wife. "He's trying to play some kind of trick on me." Mike Mercer, field-goal kicker for last season's AFL champion Kansas City Chiefs, wasn't quite so suspicious. When Associate Editor Edwin (Bud) Shrake approached him at the Super Bowl game in Los Angeles and asked if he would like to go to England, Mercer replied that he certainly would. "But then I forgot about it," Mercer said later. "I had an idea it would probably never happen."

Meanwhile, our man in London, John Lovesey, was asking the British soccer star, Bobby Charlton, and Rugby League standout Len Killeen if they would be interested in a kicking contest, using American professional footballs, against Baker and Mercer. Although they had never heard of the two Americans (and vice versa), Charlton and Killeen agreed at once. "I just hope I don't embarrass you," Charlton said to Lovesey.

The notion of a contest began—as many interesting notions do—with a discussion in a Chinese restaurant near our New York office. The topic was whether a soccer-style field-goal kicker has an advantage over one who kicks his field goals in the ordinary straightforward manner. The notion-originator, Associate Editor Les Woodcock, got in touch with Lovesey and Shrake, who in turn got in touch with the kickers, and the project was on. The result unfolds on page 38

It took two more phone calls to convince Baker he wasn't being kidded, perhaps because Baker is a noted kidder himself. But when he decided Shrake was serious, Baker set about intensive preparations—which included packing three of his own footballs. Neither Baker nor Mercer had ever been to England before, and Baker, a home-movie fan, wanted to record every step of his journey. That was a lot of steps. Baker carried along eight rolls of color film and shot them all up the first morning in London. "The best tip I got," Baker said, "was from an old man during the changing at the Horse Guards. I started to stand with the rest of the tourists, but he told me if I did, all I would get was pictures of the wrong ends of the horses. He was right. I climbed up a wall and shot some beautiful pictures before a bobby made me get down." Baker, an outgoing type, filmed the twice-daily march of the umbrella-and-bowler-hat brigade, rode buses around London shooting movies from the windows and did not hesitate to criticize British haircuts, which he thought left too much hair on the head and not enough on the floors of barber shops.

But the British, polite as ever, let Baker get by without violent incident. The closest anybody came to trouble was when the driver of a rented car carrying Mercer, Baker, Lovesey and Shrake turned into a one-way street in Liverpool—going the wrong way. They drove onto the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians, continued for four blocks into the oncoming traffic and finally stopped at the railroad station. "It's a shortcut, y'see," explained the driver, who'd had a pint or two. Baker, anguished, was temporarily out of film. So then Sam went off to Dublin to fulfill his ambition of singing in an Irish pub, and Mercer quietly opted for a trip to Paris. Shrake returned to New York with a story guaranteed to fire discussion among football fans anywhere—inside or outside Chinese restaurants.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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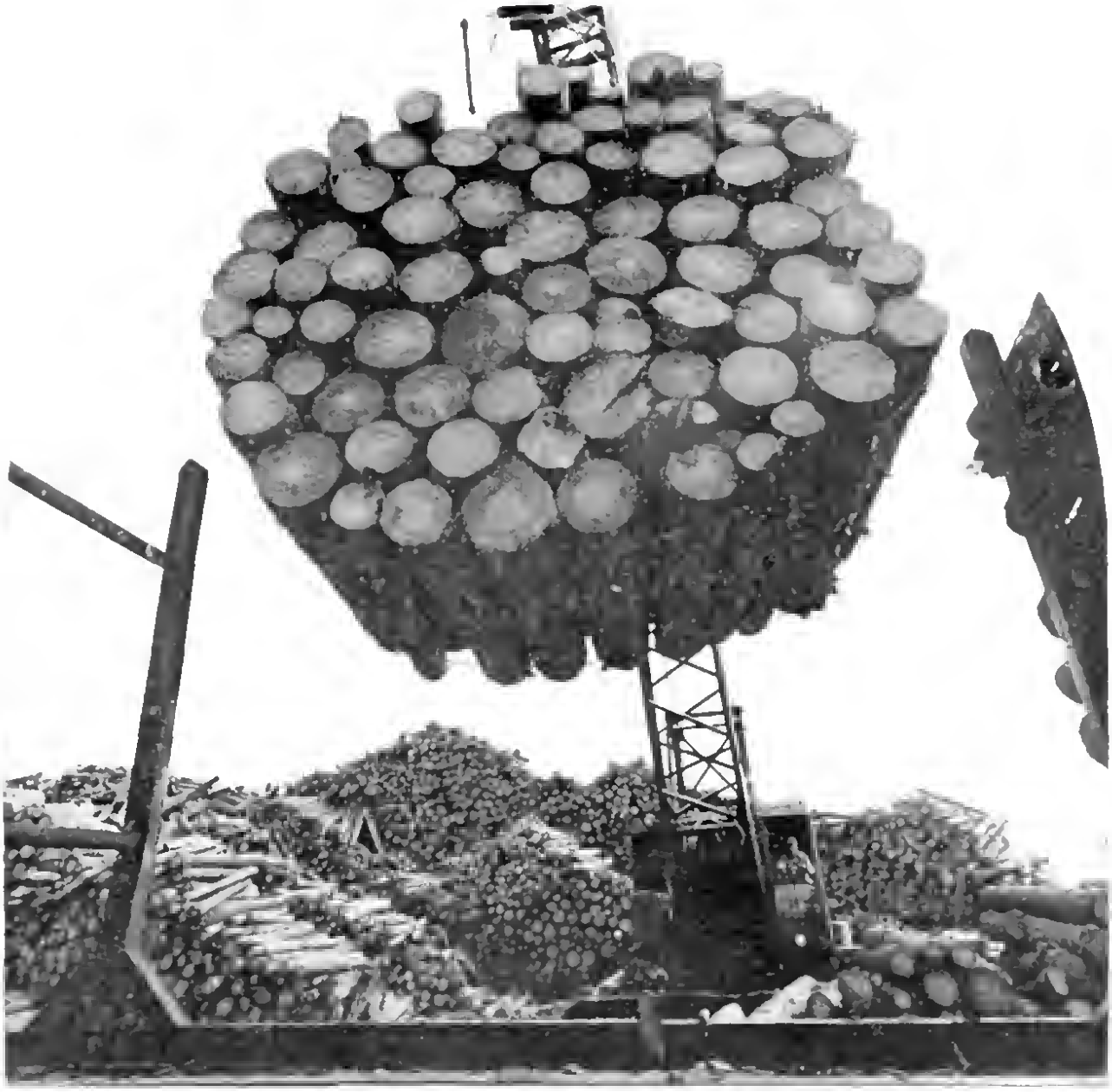
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MS1

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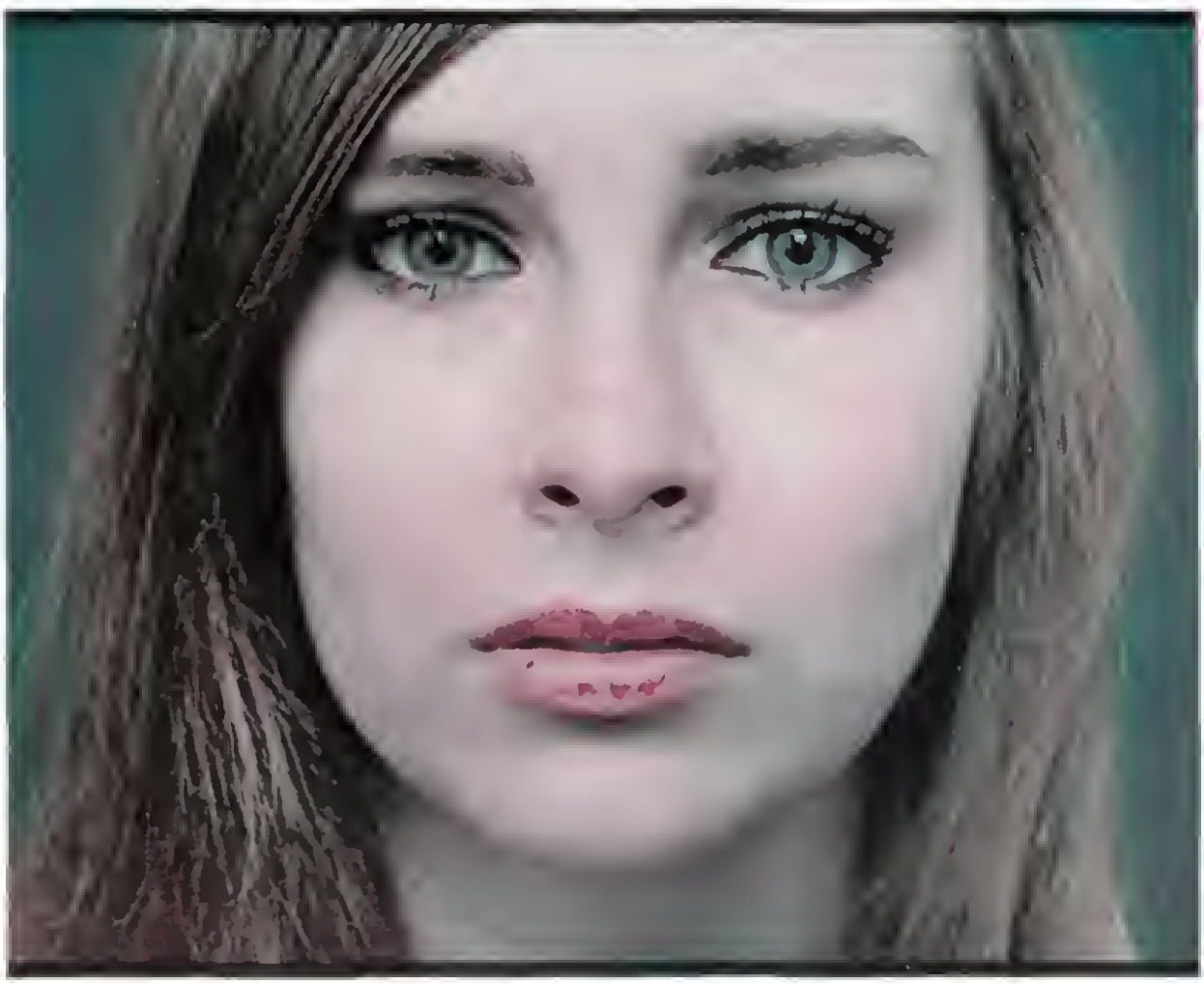
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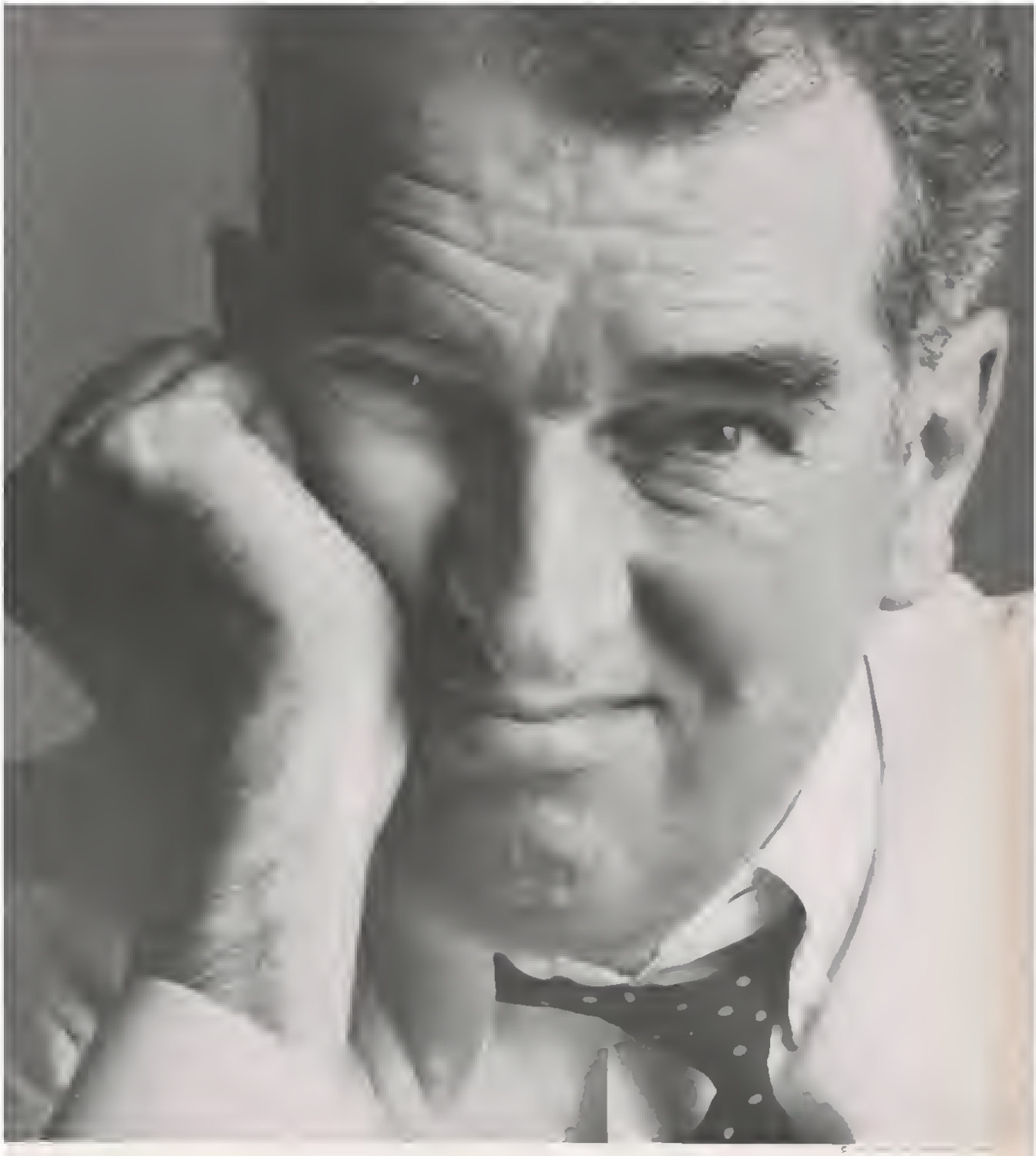
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How much of your driving is done above 60 mph?
Most of it (Over 65%) 7
Much of it (30-65%) 5
Little of it (Under 30%) 3
None of it 1
How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?
Frequently (Over 65%) 6
Often (30-65%) 5
Seldom (Under 30%) 3
Never 1
How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?
A great deal (Over 65%) 8
A lot (30-65%) 6
Not too much (Under 30%) 4
None 1
How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?
Most of it (Over 65%) 7
Much of it (30-65%) 5
Little of it (Under 30%) 4
None of it 1
How many miles do you drive in this car per year?
20,000 8
15,000 7
10,000 5
5,000 or less 3
How long do you expect to keep this car?
2 years or more 7
18 mos. 6
12 mos. 4
6 mos. or less 3
How do you normally stop, start and corner?
Faster than average 7
Average 5
Slower than average 3



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SHOPWALK

If you like to race yachts but hate to go sailing, this may be the boat for you

Impatient wives and landlubbers in general have a way of referring to all yachts, great and small, as "expensive toys." In their mouths the term is one of deep opprobrium. But there is one yacht making the rounds at most of the big boat shows this year that even the maker describes as a toy. "an expensive ($375) but marvelous toy," is the way he puts it.

The yacht in question, styled a "half meter" by David Berry and Hank Magierski of One Design Specialties, Toms River, N.J., is a six-foot sailing model complete with all the gadgetry common to boats five to 10 times its size—Dacron sails and nylon sheets, stainless-steel rigging and brass hardware, boom vang, adjustable outhauls, etc., etc. But what makes it even better than the big boats from one point of view is a mass of radio equipment fitted neatly into the hull that makes it possible for a shore-based skipper to control its maneuvering from as far as a mile away.

Radio-controlled model yachts are not a new idea. Some big, grown-up 12-meter sailors in England have been playing with them (for scientific purposes) for a long time, and an airplane-model firm on the West Coast carries the electronic equipment to sail them. But East Coast boat builders Berry and Magierski, whose firm (of which One Design is a branch) recently received class association approval for the first fiber-glass Blue Jay, believe their half meter is one of the best. It differs from other sailing models largely in the sensitivity of its controls.

Instead of responding to intermittent pulse commands as many models do, the rudder on their boat reacts directly and proportionally to pressure on the radio tiller. The rudder itself, unlike those of most other models, can be moved as little as 1/64 of an inch. Sails can be trimmed accurately for any point of sailing from close hauled to full run, with sails and rudder operating simultaneously. The nickel-cadmium batteries are rechargeable almost indefinitely and a charger is included with the boat. "They're ideal for sailors who like to stay indoors in the winter," says Berry.

For land-based sailors who would like to build their own boats, One Design Specialties offers a kit that includes everything but the radio equipment. It will sell for about $100. The radio part can be added for another $250. "Eventually, our customers will be able to buy kits at almost any stage of development. If we've learned anything, it's that sailors like to build their own."

Orders or inquiries should go directly to One Design Specialties, 521 Lakehurst Road, Toms River, N.J. 08753.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

John Nelson is bank vice president in Seattle, Washington



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John Nelson talks it over with MONY man Herb Wickstrand, CLU

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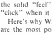
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Power-Groove® shafts minimize torque, multiply your chances for accuracy. A vertical ribbed section at the torsion point of each shaft reduces torque, yet maintains the magic Wilson "feel" so essential to accuracy. And all shafts are scientifically engineered to compensate for the change in weight between each individual club head.

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"Direction Finder" blades, with accentuated rocker soles. Wilson has combined a wider sole with an accentuated rocker design to concentrate weight at the bottom of the blade. A beveled leading edge lets you "go through" the ball and turf from any kind of lie. With these X-31 irons, you enjoy a great playing advantage!



X-31 shafts are "married" to the irons. Wilson drills through the hosel of each X-31 iron and seats the Power-Groove shaft in the area usually occupied by dead weight. Wilson places this weight in the hitting area, where it really counts.

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Choose from many new styles—two-tones, wing tips, saddles and mocca sins for men. Light, bright styles for women, too. Hush Puppies



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come in two kinds of leather that are right for golf. Breathin'



Brushed Pigskin®: Cool, water repellent, easy to care for, looks like new with a quick brushing. And new beefy-grained leathers: So supple your Hush Puppies are broken in before you take them out of the box.

Steel shanks give extra support. Result: You'll feel new confidence at the address and during your swing. Hefty soles give you protection and long wear, yet are soft and easy-flexing for solid comfort. Regulation spikes, of course.

And the amazing new All-sports Sole is now available on some Hush Puppies styles. This sole has special deep-molded circles that grip almost anywhere. The All-sports Sole can be great for golf; some men like it better than spikes. One reason: You can wear these Hush Puppies to and from the course or anywhere in the clubhouse. Or boating, traveling, vacationing, hiking around town or country.

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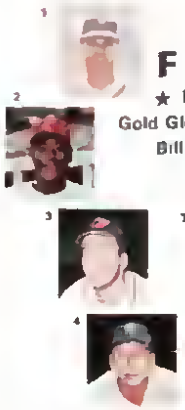


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Swing into spring with Arnold Palmer. See the action cars now at special Sports Time prices.



SCORECARD

KNOCKING THE STUFFING OUT

The National Basketball Committee of the U.S. and Canada, which regulates the college game, met in Louisville last week and banned dunking or stuffing the ball. Its reasons: 1) there is no defense against the dunk, which upsets the balance between offense and defense, 2) players injure themselves trying it and 3) break backboards and bend rims.

There is no defense against the 25-foot jumper, either. What the committee is upset about is Lew Alcindor. Gentlemen, it isn't going to work. In fact, Alcindor will now have an even greater advantage—on *defense*. You had little chance of getting a layup *under* Alcindor; the oniest hope was to go right at him and try a dunk. Moreover, the Alcindors and Elvin Hayeses can just as easily drop the ball in from a foot or two off. It's the shorter men in the game who are going to be hurt by the rule.

The dunk is the most flamboyant play in basketball, and as its master, Wilt Chamberlain, says, "It takes a lot of moves, agility, timing, coordination—it's not just a big man's tool." Indeed, it's a shame the fans won't have the thrill of seeing Calvin Murphy stuff some. Murphy, Niagara's 5′ 10″ freshman, spent two years practicing with weights on his ankles to develop enough spring to dunk the ball with two hands.

Another fault with the new rule is that it gives the officials yet another judgment call. How are they going to decide if a man's hand is six inches, eight inches or 12 inches from the basket when he releases the ball?

We don't have the statistics on dunking injuries, but as Ray Meyer, the De Paul coach, points out, "Backboards aren't broken and rims aren't bent in games. It happens in pregame warmups. And it isn't the tall players who do the damage. It's the player that's 6′ 1″ or 6′ 2″. He'll never dunk in a game, but he gets out there in a warmup and that's all he really wants to do."

As Tex Winter, the Kansas State coach says: "It's one thing to dunk the ball in a warmup, but it takes an exceptional player to do it in a game. Why don't they just outlaw it in the warmups?"

And what about Pete Newell's idea of raising the basket to 12 feet?

OOO'S WILL

The following item appeared in *The Student*, the Amherst College newspaper:

> "If God had wanted you to smoke he would have put a chimney on top of your head." —Prof. James L. Ostendarp to varsity football candidates.
>
> "If God had wanted you to play football he would have put a helmet on your head."—a freshman to nobody in particular.

HOT MONEY (CONT.)

Last week we reported that the Texas A&M-SMU football game, which is traditionally played in November, will, at the request of ABC-TV, take place this year on Sept. 16. "For one reason," said Hayden Fry, the SMU football coach and athletic director, "and that's money. There's not anything else good about it as far as I'm concerned."

Now we learn that ABC also approached Missouri, asking it to switch its game with SMU from Sept. 23 to Sept. 16, so it could be nationally televised. For the simple reason that classes at Missouri don't begin until Sept. 21, Athletic Director Don Faurot turned ABC down. "We try to operate our athletic program for the benefit of our students," Faurot said. "It's our policy not to have any kind of game when our students are not on the campus. We sell more than 10,000 student football tickets, and it wouldn't be fair to play a game when most of those ticketholders wouldn't be around. We're poor, we need money, but we still have some principles left."

Missouri's share of the TV fee would have been $35,733.31. The remainder of the net of $160,800 (the NCAA takes $6,700 off the top) would have been divided among the other seven conference schools, the Big Eight system being that 2/9 of the TV fee goes to the team playing and 1/9 to each of the other schools.

Since he was depriving his fellow conference members of revenue, Faurot discussed his decision with Wayne Duke, the Big Eight commissioner. Happily, Duke also subscribes to the antiquated notion that collegiate athletics are for collegians.

LISTEN, MY CHILDREN . . .

At 11 p.m. on April 18, 1775, Paul Revere set out on his celebrated ride. At 11 p.m. on April 18, 1967 the Paul Revere Pace will get under way at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. So what's the big deal? As Joey Goldstein, Roosevelt's peerless publicist, puts it: "I now wish to present to you what I consider our outstanding bit of equine historical research—the almost indisputable fact that Paul Revere rode a pacer on his memorable mission."

Artists have generally portrayed Revere galloping on a white horse (in the nighttime) or on a black horse (in the daytime). However, according to Joey's "verification, authentication and substantiation," Revere was pacing on a swift, tireless little sorrel mare of a breed known as the Narragansett pacer.

Revere described his mount as "a very good horse." It is known that she was the finest animal owned by John Larkin, one of Charlestown's leading citizens



and the best horses in New England at the time were the Narragansett pacers, as famous in their day (*ca.* 1700-*ca* 1840) as the Morgan horse was a century later.

The Rev. James McSparran, rector of the Narragansett church from 1721 until his death in 1759, wrote in *America*

Dissected (1751) that the pacers could do a mile "in a little more than two minutes [and could] perform a journey of one hundred miles a day, without injury to themselves or rider." Esther Forbes, in her Pulitzer Prize biography, *Paul Revere* (1942), described the Narragansett pacer, which was commonly colored sorrel, as being one of New England's principal exports—the main market was the West Indies—and "a cheerful and gay companion, capable of swimming rivers or taking his glass of cider." Frank Forester, in *The Horse of America* (1857), told how the breed declined during the Revolutionary War, because trotters could be more readily teamed, and died out in the 19th century.

Perorates Goldstein: "Destroy the canard of a galloping white horse carrying Paul Revere on his journey through Middlesex and give the proper historical attribution to the sorrel pacer. Revere's ride was of 16 miles. We cannot, at Roosevelt, have a race of that distance, but we will have a distance-race program that evening with a feature event of 1½ or two miles."

HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME

A short time back Larry L. Jones Jr., a PR man for a Tijuana jai alai palace, gave the El Cajon (Calif.) Little League $100 to sponsor a team. All he asked was that each boy play an equal amount of time. Jones's check was returned by league officers who said they "didn't want to put any coach or manager in the position of not being able to win."

DON'T QUIT WHEN YOU'RE AHEAD

Three weeks ago we told you about the students at Northwestern tossing 319,020 pennies in the air to see which way they would land, and how 160,136—or 50.2%—turned up heads.

As a result we learned that one of our readers is Professor John B. Hart, chairman of the physics department of Xavier University in Cincinnati, who informs us that, although betting on the toss of a coin looks like a 50-50 proposition, it isn't. If two people flip a coin a certain number of times and bet on heads or tails, the probability of a change in who's winning becomes less the more often the coin is flipped, even though the probability of heads equaling tails increases with each toss. But before it becomes 50-50 one player probably will be broke.

For example, Pat and Mike are flip-

continued

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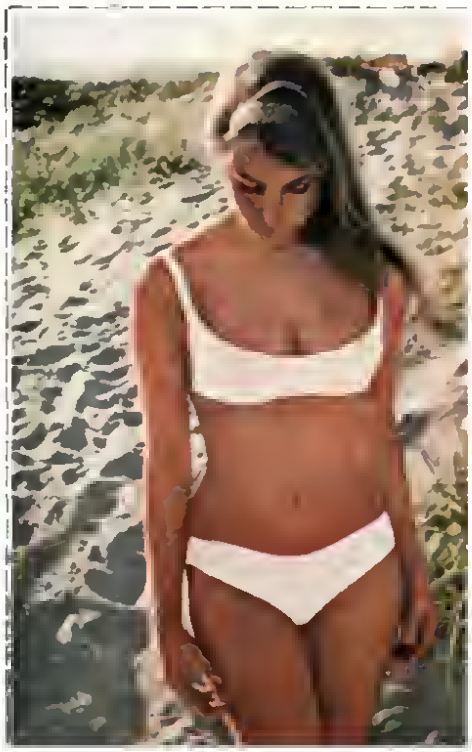
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ping coins for a dollar a toss. Suppose they agree to a game of 100 tosses, with Pat having heads. One outcome could be that Pat wins 52 tosses and Mike 48, which means that the probability of the coin coming up tails was .48 and that Pat wins $4. Now Mike, trying to get out of the hole, proposes a little game of a million tosses, with Pat still having heads. One outcome could be that Pat wins 510,000 tosses and Mike 490,000, which means that the probability was .49, which is pretty close to .50, but Mike has lost $20,000!

It would probably take Mike at least another million tosses to have a ghost of a chance of getting even, and he could just as easily be $40,000 in the hole. So, as Professor Hart says, the lesson seems to be: if you're winning, keep playing, and if you're losing, get out.

And if you're still not convinced, Professor William Feller of Princeton has shown that if 20 couples get together to flip a coin a second, day and night, at the end of a year one player will have been ahead for 364 days and 14 hours.

SECOND BEST

Readers often wonder why we don't pick All-America teams in this sport or that. Perhaps the following will provide a partial answer. The American Hockey League coaches voted for a Most Valuable Player and an All-Star team. The MVP was Center Mike Nykoluk of the Hershey Bears. The All-Star center was Gordon Labossiere of the Quebec Aces.

In the balloting for MVP, each of the nine coaches had one vote, and Nykoluk got four. In the balloting for the All-Star team, the coaches gave five points to the players they picked for the first team, three points to those on the second team, and they couldn't vote for their own players. Nykoluk got two firsts and four seconds for 22 points and was relegated to the second team. Labossiere got six first-place votes and one second for 33 points. Anything else you want cleared up?

MAINE EVENT

Maine's Washington County is famous for Quoddy Head, the easternmost point in the continental U.S., for blueberries and for being the only place in the U.S. where you can catch Atlantic salmon. The county also includes Jonesport, the smallest (pop. 1,500) town in the world to support—in a manner of speaking—a weekly professional boxing show.

The bouts are held in the Jonesport Opera House, which, in fact, once housed operas, as well as chautauquas and town meetings, but in recent years has served as a storehouse for sea moss, a variety of seaweed used in the manufacture of a cooking extract. A year ago, Bert S. Look II, Jonesport's leading businessman, bought the building for $1,500, spent another $43,000 for renovation and opened with Beano on Wednesdays, roller skating on Thursdays, a teen-age dance on Fridays, movies followed by an old-fashioned dance on Saturdays—and for the past few Tuesdays, boxing.

The fighters come mostly from a Job Corps Center on Mt. Desert Island, 60 miles away—that is, when the power steering on the bus doesn't give out, as it did the other Tuesday, while Sheldon Smith, Look's matchmaker, manager of the Job Corps boxers and bus driver, was on the way to town.

The fighters get $100 for a main event, $40 or $50 for a semifinal and $25 for a prelim, seats cost $2 and $2.50, and the Opera House holds 505 for boxing. The first show drew 91 paid, the second 98, but Look is undaunted. After all, WCMS in Machias (pop. 1,523) broadcast both shows, and, as he says, "They need someone around here to start things."

THEY SAID IT

• A. J. Foyt, on suggestions that stock cars be slowed down by mechanical alterations: "Race cars are built to run fast. If you want to slow up, all you have to do is lift that foot."

• Chuck (Bobo) Brayton, Washington State baseball coach, on the outlook for his Cougars, who were 6-1 at week's end: "Well, we're pitching pretty good, but we have absolutely no speed on the bases. We're dog-slow. This hasn't been hurting us, however, because we're hitting so poorly we never get anyone on base. Unless one of our kids gets called for delay of the game carrying his bat back to the dugout, we'll be all right."

• Ingar Kwak, Dutch ornithologist who is assisting in the *Torrey Canyon* seabird rescue, "I know my name is about the best I could have for the job."

• Leon Wagner, asked how he feels about the Cleveland Indians platooning him in left field: "I'm pretending this pontooning ain't happening. When I don't play I pretend there's no game. It makes spring training go faster." END



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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 10, 1967

CHAMP IN THE JUG?

In a fateful week it suddenly seemed possible that Muhammad Ali would prefer jail to Army duty. Ironically, this came when Manager Herbert Muhammad was working to make Ali less objectionable

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Will he or won't he? That was the question last week as Muhammad Ali, perhaps for the first time, began to accept as fact the only two choices open to the heavyweight champion of the world: induction into the armed forces of the U.S., or jail. Just days before, few people had actually believed the time would come when Cassius Marcellus Clay—as he is known to his draft board—would ever really have to make the decision. For one thing, it had looked as though the induction would be delayed for a long time. When Ali's selective service records were transferred from Louisville to Houston, the old April 11 induction date had been called off. But then Wednesday morning the Houston board announced that Ali would be inducted April 28, and a few hours later a federal district judge in Louisville threw out the plea of Ali's lawyer that he was the victim of discrimination.

Suddenly it became clear that Muhammad Ali, one of the most bizarre figures in the history of sport, might shortly leave the scene. So Ali himself flew into Chicago to consult with Herbert Muhammad, his manager and Muslim spiritual adviser, and while the headlines screamed about the draft, the two began scrambling around for one last opponent. They found him—Floyd Patterson, who is apparently ready to meet the champ April 25 in Las Vegas. That fight may well mark Muhammad Ali's final appearance in the ring. After that it could be the pen.

"We have one more fight, make me $100,000 and bank it for the future," Muhammad Ali said as he drove from the airport to the South Side to meet with Herbert. "I either have to obey the laws of the land or the laws of Allah, God. I'd rather die a Muslim. Six hundred million Muslims are with me to see if I am punished in this land of religious freedom. [Officials in Cairo appealed to President Johnson to stop the induction.] I have nothing to lose by standing up and following my own beliefs. I'll go down in history. So we've been in jail for 400 years. I'm a 1,000% religious man. If I thought goin' to war would bring freedom, justice and equality to 22 million Negroes, they wouldn't have to draft me, I'd join tomorrow. I'm paying $1,500 a month for 10 years in alimony just for my beliefs. I divorced a beautiful Negro woman. I want to be in good standing with the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. I'm not a slave. I'm free! I've heard the *truth!*"

Muhammad Ali seemed resigned to jail. He still played it cozy, claiming he had not yet revealed his decision on what to do when D-day finally comes, and both he and Herbert insist that the champ will make his decision on his own. But as a Muslim minister anxious to remain in the good graces of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad—who himself did three years in a federal prison during World War II for failing to register for the draft—the martyr's role is Ali's. In recent months black voices, both Muslim and infidel, have grown more bitter about the draft and the war in Vietnam. Last Wednesday in Louisville, Ali and Dr. Martin Luther King, once considered improbable bedfellows, publicly embraced as King prepared to declare his own opposition to the U.S.'s "morally unjust" involvement in Vietnam. Among his people, Muhammad Ali appeared to be threatening even Adam Clayton Powell as a symbol of defiance to the "white power structure."

"Man, he is a beautiful cat," said Chuck Walker, an O'Hare Airport porter who came to tote Ali's bags. "He gives you the nitty-gritty," meaning that Ali gives you "the bottom, man, the essence. He tells you as it is." Dick Gregory, who was running as a write-in candidate for mayor of Chicago, was at the airport, too, and he was quick to close with the champion. He had forsaken entertainment, Gregory said, "to fool around with the social system."

It is fashionable to write off the Muslims, and Herbert Muhammad in particular, as fools as well as knaves. Herbert is often portrayed as a pudgy little black man who is in over his head in boxing, but the truth is that Herbert is a very astute cat, and he knows just what is doing in boxing all the time. The Mus-

continued

Meeting with the press in Louisville, the heavyweight champion and Martin Luther King share compliments and a dislike for the war in Vietnam.



lims may have a racket, but their officials are not dumb. "Herbert's wise, wise, wise, one of the wisest men on earth," says Muhammad Ali with emphatic nods of his head. "If it weren't for Herbert, I'd be in a lot of trouble sayin' the wrong things." A white man in boxing, who has done business with Herbert, says, "When I met him, I stopped worrying about the Muslims. With Herbert you can make a deal."

This is not to imply that Herbert is as soft as his appearance. After becoming Ali's manager, he chose to exert a firm, calming, even civilizing influence on the brash young champion.

Far from the fire-breathing thug people imagine a Muslim to be, Herbert presents himself as an affable sort whose favorite hobby is portrait photography. When in Chicago he can usually be found in his storefront studio or a few doors up on East 79th Street at the office of *Muhammad Speaks*, the Muslim paper with a circulation of 250,000 a week. One of six sons of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, *soi-disnnt* Messenger of Allah and Leader and Teacher to the American So-called Negro, Herbert started the paper for his father and runs the operation today.

It was not until after he had won the title from Sonny Liston that Muhammad Ali met Herbert Muhammad. Herbert had photographed James Farmer, A. Philip Randolph, Adam Clayton Powell, Kwame Nkrumah, Prince Faisal, Nasser, Jomo Kenyatta and other celebrities, and Muhammad Ali came into the studio on 79th Street to have his portrait done. "He was going on a trip to Egypt," Herbert recalls, "and he needed someone to guide him. I had been there four or five times, and I had been to Mecca with my father and younger brother, Akbar. I had contact with orthodox Muslims." Herbert and Ali became friends on the trip, and when the contract with the Louisville Sponsoring Group—for which, incidentally, Herbert has high praise—lapsed, Muhammad Ali asked Herbert to become his manager.

"I had to fight with him and beg him to be my manager," Muhammad Ali says. Herbert was wary. "I'm not a sports figure," he says. He consulted with his father, who warned him of the pitfalls in boxing, but Herbert finally gave in to Muhammad Ali's pleas.

There were several considerations. "He was the champion of the world," says Herbert. "I didn't have to get him matches." Then Herbert adds blandly, "Ordinarily we do not enter into commercial sports or entertainment. However, inasmuch as a member of our group was already making his living there, it was necessary to provide him with the best protection and guidance so that we could enable him to better project the kind of image he was interested in projecting, both as a sports hero and as a Muslim minister.

"Of course we were aware of some of the sordid history of boxing as well as some of its better aspects. We knew we would have to offer a program contrasting with previous programs of backdoor deals, 'fixes,' gamblers, gangsters, etc. We have eliminated these aspects entirely. Sports in America is a multibillion dollar business. Negro athletes furnish the best material. Yet, with the exception of the world heavyweight champion, Muhammad Ali, there is almost no sports enterprise that is owned or managed by a Negro. We wish to provide, through the proper managership of Muhammad Ali, inspiration and encouragement for black entrepreneurs to go into sports ventures. Only through this method can some of the revenue be returned into the hands of the Negro

ZORA FOLLEY RANKS MUHAMMAD ALI AS NO. 1

Back home in Chandler, Ariz. after his seventh-round knockout in New York, Challenger Folley assessed what had happened to him in their bout—and became a true believer

"I went to New York to win the championship. I wouldn't have gone if I did not think I could win. I was confident. But Ali beat me at my own game. He did the same thing to Liston (knocked him out with a right hand, didn't he); Williams, another big puncher, Ali knocked him out in short order. Terrell, the great jabber, what happened to him? He got outjabbed. And Patterson, the guy with superspeed hands, couldn't match Ali and just stood around and got punched to pieces.

"The right hands Ali hit me with just had no business landing—but they did. They came from nowhere. Many times he was in the wrong position but he hit me anyway. Blatt! and the punch connected. I've never seen anyone who could do that. The knockdown punch was so fast that I never saw it. He has lots of snap, and when the punches land they dizzy your head; they fuzz up your mind.

"The first time I went down, I wasn't hurt, but I didn't know what had happened. Suddenly I became aware of the noise and then I saw Ali standing over me, and I figured I was down. So I wheeled around to look at my corner, to find out the count. I kept thinking, was that a right hand he hit me with? So what did he do but hit me with the same punch again in the seventh round and knock me out. I can't believe it, but that's what he did.

"He's smart. The trickiest fighter I've seen. He's had 29 fights and acts like he's had a hundred. He could write the book on boxing, and anyone that fights him should be made to read it first.

"I did things to Ali that have never been done before. He missed more punches and landed fewer than with all of those other guys he's been in with. I also cut the ring on him, reduced it so consistently that he chose to stand and fight. He's a safety-first fighter, no matter how foolish he looks. And I made him fight. That could have been my worst mistake, making him fight. I hurt him to the body, but he's tough. You can tell from the way he's put together that he's got pride. The man's a real fighter. Look at the way he acts out of the ring and you can see that. In the ring the guy doesn't show when he's been hurt. Not even the smallest sign, the way most fighters do. He beat me good, but he didn't beat me bad.

"There's just no way to train yourself for what he does: the moves, the speed, the punches and the way he changes style every time you think you got him figured. Wendell Newton, my sparring partner, jumped around and he was awkward, but he wasn't Ali. Ali is something else. I fought middleweights, even smaller men and they weren't as fast. This guy has a style all of his own. It's far ahead of any fighter's around today, so how could those oldtime fighters, you know, Dempsey, Tunney or any of them keep up? Louis wouldn't have a chance—he was too slow. Marciano couldn't get to him, and he would never get away from Ali's jab. The only one who would have a good chance was Ezzard Charles, a real fast heavyweight who was smart and was perhaps the best combination puncher of them all."

—MORTON SHARNIK

people who produce these superstars. We think this aspect of Muhammad Ali's enterprises is one of the healthiest."

Upon becoming manager, Herbert immediately resigned as president of Main Bout, Inc., a promotional company that bids for (and does not always get) the ancillary rights of the champion's fights. "I have to be careful in my management of Muhammad Ali so that nothing reflects on the Muslims," muses Herbert. John Ali, National Secretary of the Muslims, succeeded Herbert as president. Outspoken, John Ali is dismayed by the press view of the Muslims. "They picture the Muslims as taking over boxing," he says. "We're just a couple of people out of thousands in boxing. We don't have the networks, we don't have control of the arenas, we don't have the ball parks. They don't say Teddy Brenner, the Jewish Matchmaker, or Angelo Dundee, the Catholic Trainer who goes along with the head of his church, or Goldie Ahearn, the Jewish Promoter who adheres to the Orthodox thinking of his leader, Rabbi Rubenstein. But they say Herbert Muhammad, the Black Muslim, son of Elijah Muhammad, the Messenger."

It is true that the Ali-Herbert arrangement seems more on the up-and-up than many others of the recent past. No particular secret has been made of Muhammad Ali's or Herbert Muhammad's earnings from boxing. Herbert gets 40% of each purse and pays all training expenses. For the Cleveland Williams fight, Muhammad Ali got $243,256, and Herbert $162,170. For the Terrell fight, Muhammad Ali's share was $333,793, and Herbert's $222,500. Shares from the Folley fight were $157,198 for the champion and $104,800 for Herbert. "Herbert's going to see to it that I don't wind up like Joe Louis," says Muhammad Ali. "Since I've been with him, I've earned a lot more money. I've saved a lot more money and I get paid the day after the fight."

When the champion was short of cash in a court action in Miami, the Muslims lent him $27,000. He repaid it. Last year he borrowed $100,000 from the Muslims and promised them a donation of $100,000. As of last week he had contributed close to $50,000 of the donation but still owed the $100,000 loan. With Herbert's guidance, Muhammad Ali recently invested $50,000 in Texas oil, and he gave $10,000 to the United Negro College Fund. "We plan to donate even more to aid Negro education," Herbert said the other day, hoping that Ali still has paydays ahead of him. "This is only possible with Negro managership with a conscious program to see that black people benefit from this championship."

Under Herbert's management, Muhammad Ali's image was revised and some of his antics curbed. The Ali shuffle was forbidden. "Herbert said it didn't add anything," Muhammad Ali says. When the champion called Ernie Terrell an Uncle Tom, Herbert made him stop. And it was at Herbert's urging that Muhammad Ali fought often; when the champion worried about taxes from increased earnings, Herbert told him, "Standard Oil doesn't try to sell a small amount of oil each year."

Explaining his reasoning, Herbert said, "We instituted an entirely new approach. We deliberately seek the top-rated fighters in any country. We are confident of the champion's ability, and we believe the public would appreciate the contests more if they know we backed down from no challenger. Contrast the selection of opponents for Muhammad Ali with the selection of opponents made during the time Floyd Patterson was champ, or Rocky Marciano, for that matter. We have discarded the old 'return clause' contracts and offered the championship freely to any challenger who could successfully beat Muhammad Ali in the ring. This is like a trapeze artist walking the tightrope high above the ground with no strings attached to 'save him' for a second walk should he slip. What other fighter did this?"

Herbert claimed last week that he was very pleased with Angelo Dundee as the champion's trainer, but after he became manager he installed a Lebanese Muslim, Salameh Hassan, as assistant trainer. Hassan, an Akim Tamiroff type, kept an eye on the champ when Herbert wasn't around. Hassan had been in boxing in Chicago. He met Herbert 16 years ago when Hassan's sister was hired to give lessons in cooking at private Muslim homes. Short and fat and a prodigious eater, Hassan sometimes wears a thermometer tie clip. He sat down to lunch in Chicago one day last week with the temperature on his tie at 70°. By the time he had finished, the mercury was in the 80s.

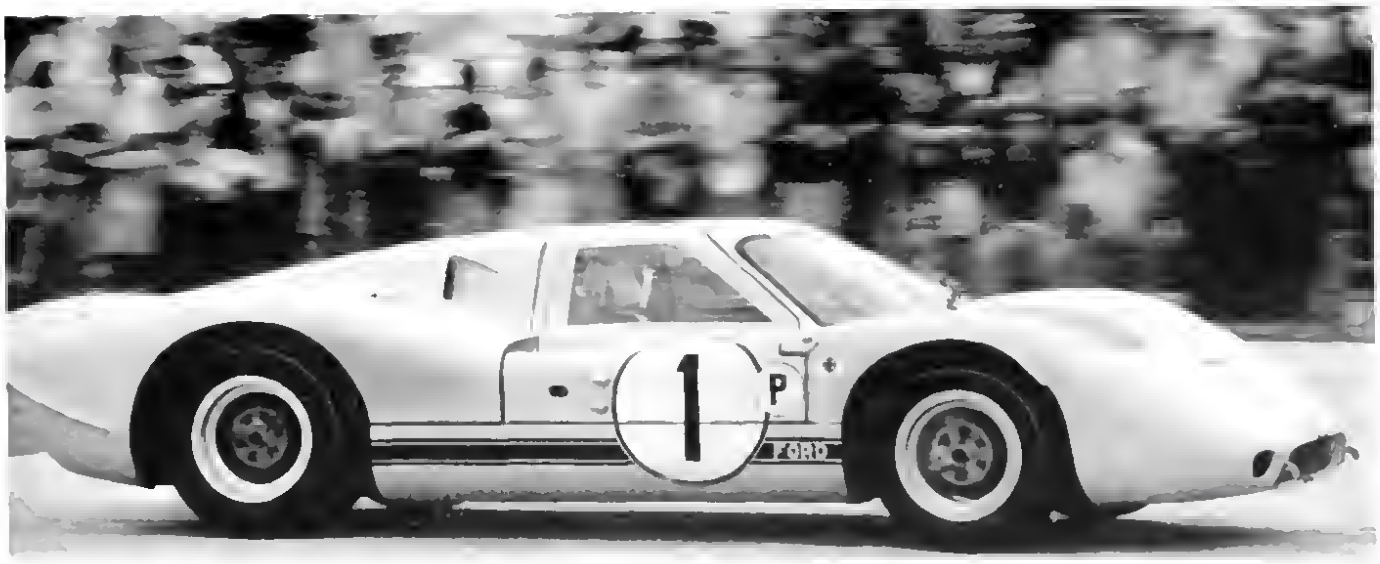
To hear Hassan tell it, watching over Muhammad Ali for Herbert is nerve-racking. The champ likes to shadow box wherever he can see his reflection, and he is forever punching away at washroom mirrors and car windows. "Watch those billion dollar hands, champ!" Hassan tells Ali.

Twice in the last six months, Hassan reports, Muhammad Ali has come close to death. He flipped a rented speedboat in the Atlantic off Miami. Unable to swim, he clung to the boat and was rescued by a chance passer-by. "Of course, this upset Herbert," Hassan says. The second time, Muhammad Ali, two friends and Hassan flew down to Houston from Chicago and the jet ran into clear turbulence. "The plane was out of control," Hassan says. "It was horrible. When it was not dropping, the plane was bouncing like a rubber ball. The champ started to call out. 'Oh, Allah, save us! Oh, Allah is God! Allah be with us!' After the plane came down all right, all the passengers, especially the little old ladies, thanked the champ for praying."

The champ's prayers about the draft remain to be answered in the weeks ahead. After the Patterson fight, it could be jail, bail, trial and conviction. At this point it is fortunate for Ali's peace of mind that he has faith in the will of Allah. **END**



On way to Tokyo to arrange bout, Herbert Muhammad poses with stuffed bear in Anchorage.



Humiliated by Ferrari at Daytona, Ford struck back at Sebring with an ultralight new racer. Ferraris were absent, but, surviving a rough Chaparral challenge, Ford looked ready to tackle them at Le Mans **by BOB OTTUM**

FORD RACES TO A BIG SHOWDOWN

A little before 11 o'clock last Saturday night in the chill darkness outside Sebring, Fla., 34 cars of widely differing sizes and cylinders came rattling around an old wartime airport in an effort to hold body and carburetor together for a few minutes more. They had been at it for most of the day in a shakedown that separated a lot of men from a lot of horsepower, a shakedown that was to prove, ultimately, that Ford is back in a big way and ready for a shoot-out with Ferrari at Le Mans.

When the 12 hours of Sebring finally ended, a low, banana-colored Ford Mark IV rolled first across the finish line. It had put in a rewarding day: 1,237.6 miles through sun and wind at an average speed of 102.923 mph, driven throughout by two tough young men named Mario Andretti and Bruce McLaren. Off to one side in the night sat another disabled Ford—which still managed to take second place in the standings. Behind the Fords came two Porsches. The 5.2-mile raceccourse was strewn with pieces of wreckage and broken hopes. Fifty-nine cars had started the race in the brightness of 11 a.m., and every driver who finished was an exhausted hero.

Sebring has been described as a series of drag strips connected by turns. It requires an average of 40 gear changes a lap and tortures brakes in sudden dips from 190-mph straightaways to 20-mph turns. By the time you read this the town of Sebring will be closed for the season—in fact, it may take all summer to clear the pall of gasoline fumes and clean up the damaged car parts and discarded box lunches—but the lessons seem clear:

1) Ford Motor Company, that industrial giant whose racing ambitions roughly parallel the dreams of conquest harbored by Attila the Hun, has quite suddenly developed in the Mark IV a fearsome new car. Substantially lighter than the overweight Mark II that it succeeds, the Mark IV ran fast, and ran long, as well. It could be a world-beater.

2) Ford's chief rival, Ferrari, whose shop in Modena, Italy employs only 69 people but produces fast, indestructible cars—three of which clobbered Ford at Daytona in February—may no longer have the world by the tail pipe.

3) And Chaparral, a small, inventive outfit with consummate courage that builds cars in Midland, Texas and races them all over the world, is a worthy challenger of the Big Two.

The race also confirmed Porsche's invincibility in the 2-liter class and demonstrated that Alfa Romeo, coming back into racing to battle the Porsches with a new prototype called the 33, has some bugs to exterminate.

Ferrari, obviously building toward a massive assault at Le Mans in June to avenge last year's one-two-three Ford sweep, did not send a team to participate in the masochism out among the mangroves. That left Ford and Chaparral free to battle each other, and, Lord, how they did, in a seven-hour fight that rattled the orange groves on all sides.

A qualifying speed of 111.428 mph had put the new Mark IV on the pole. Chaparral's powerful 2F, with an airflow wing sticking way up above the tail to keep the car on the ground, and an automatic transmission to make it easier to drive, had hit 110 mph and was sitting in second spot. Behind them were Ford's other prototype, a now-outmoded Mark II, and another Chaparral—this one without the wing, but with a huge barndoor spoiler turned up in back.

The Mark IV flew all during practice while Builder Jim Hall, sweating out some mechanical troubles, got only a few warmup miles into the winged Chaparral. Then, on the eve of the race, Chaparral Driver Phil Hill, the 1961 world champion, developed an intense stomach pain that proved to be appendicitis. About the time Hill was rallying from emergency surgery, Hall was preparing to co-drive with England's Mike Spence and boss the Chaparral operation as well.

Since Sebring is actually 11 races in one, the 500-plus-horsepower big cars had to pick their way through a field of such darting, buzzing minracers as Triumphs, Alpines, Alfas and what seemed like 10,000 Porsches. Four all-girl racing teams added sex appeal, but when word got around the pits that one disoriented pair had pasted a map of the track to

the dashboard of their car a number of less valorous male drivers actually considered the discretionary possibilities of retreat.

For a race that had 12 hours to go the action started with indecent haste. The drivers sprinted across the track to their cars in America's only version of the Le Mans start, and roared raggedly down the onetime airplane runway to vanish behind a onetime airplane hangar. An Alfa Romeo prototype had its moment of glory, leading the first lap. But then came the killers.

The Fords surged into the lead, with New Zealand's McLaren at the wheel of the Mark IV. The two Chaparrals were moving up fast. On the 14th lap McLaren set a track record of 108.834 mph. When he pitted to be relieved by Andretti, after blasting away for an hour and 25 minutes in stinging sunshine laced with wind, the winged Chaparral took over the lead. Until dusk these two cars were to be locked in a struggle of closeness and intensity rare for an endurance grind.

At 2 p.m. McLaren was driving calmly out front when, suddenly, sailing through the dust and a puff of scattering Porsches, Hall burst ahead again without so much as a goodby wave of his wing. The Chaparral is bone-white, and the edges of the wing are bright red. "You know why they're red?" said Hall between driving hitches. "You see this scar on my forehead? I walked into the damn thing accidentally one time—that's why they're painted red."

At the Ford pits it was apparent that the Mark IV was not one of Ford's most economical products. McLaren and Andretti were getting only 80 to 85 minutes of running per tank of gas. The Chaparrals were getting better mileage—something like two full hours per tank at top speed—but were already drinking buckets of oil. Pit spies carried the news both ways. "They're putting in *seven quarts* of oil each pit stop!" one of them reported triumphantly to Ford's crew. "But look what they're doing to us on gas," a Ford man growled.

Andretti, who weighs 134 pounds counting his huge U.S.-driving-championship signet ring, stood to one side and shrugged. "It just means we got to make more pit stops and drive a little faster, that's all."

At 4 p.m. the winged Chaparral was a close second when Spence, in a bold thrust, hit 111.032 mph for still another lap record. That one proved to be uncrackable and left Chaparral the single-lap speed champ.

Eighty minutes later the wingless Chaparral expired out on the course. Back in the pits, Ford's Andretti opened the refrigerator of the team's house trailer. He drank some milk, then mixed a glass of lemonade. "Man, it's so hot out there you wouldn't believe it," he said. "And the way that wind is blowing the car is getting all jumpy and wiggly."

Roaring past on the track, the winged Chaparral began to trail puffs of smoke. About the time Andretti was finishing his lemonade, Spence pulled into his pits and mechanics started artificial respiration on the car. This proved futile. Seals on the automatic transmission had let go and the car was out of the fight.

Spotting the sick Chaparral, Mark IV Team Manager Carroll Shelby, his battered black cowboy hat pulled down to the bridge of his nose, made one joyous jump, then leaned over the pit wall and signaled Andretti that the Chaparral was out.

The rest was, in effect, a race between the Mark IV and the shadow of Ferrari in Italy. The last Ferrari of various private entries still running at Sebring was a Berlinetta, driven by a cool pair of women, Denise McCluggage and Pinkie Rollo. Whenever Denise decided it was time to pit, she would sail calmly down the main straightaway and switch on her right-turn signal, meaning she was coming in, you guys.

As the end neared, a few of the 27,600 spectators, overcome by the day's heat and the day's beer, began to wander onto the track, jumping away from the sudden stab of headlights. Others set fires in the infield. Twelve hours of racing makes Americans restless; with a 24-hour race they might burn Sebring to the ground. But there was one final shot of racing drama to come.

With just half an hour to go, the Mark II, driven by Indy veterans A.J. Foyt and Lloyd Ruby, wheeled into the pits, power off and lights blinking in a frantic alert. It was running in second position. Foyt scrambled out, and the crew lifted up the engine deck in the rear.

The nearest Porsche, one of a new 2-liter, fuel-injected coupe series designated 910, which had been running a careful, vulture-like third, was some 50 miles behind. Now it appeared possible that it might push past the Ford into second place in the time still remaining in the race.

Crews ran to the pit wall and signaled Andretti, "A.J. out," and warned him to take it gently. He flashed by in a streak of yellow, nodding but showing no signs of slowing. It took a couple of laps to convince him. Porsche missed by eight seconds. The Mark II was dead in the pits as the race ended, but was counted a finisher. It had completed 226 laps, or 1,175.2 miles. The 910, driven by Gerhard Mitter and Scooter Patrick, reached the finish line to complete its 226th lap just eight seconds after the 12 hours were up.

In any case, the car that counted was the Mark IV, and it took the checker for an impressive triumph. Once called the J-Car, the Mark IV had been a worrisome, ill-handling machine until a seven-day crash program of revisions after the defeat of the Mark IIs at Daytona put it right. Chassis problems were hammered out in tests on the Daytona track and aerodynamic improvements to the sensationally low, slippery coupe body were prompted by wind-tunnel tests at Dearborn. "The Mark IV," said one Ford spokesman, "started as a new concept and then underwent several changes." Said another, "You can't sit in some Dearborn design room and dream up a race car; you've got to find out what it will do. If it won't beat Ferrari, it won't do."

Emerging from an uproarious victory ceremony at Sebring, Andretti said, "We knew all along that this car had it. We knew it would run the distance. And I promise you, it's just made for Le Mans."

Ford's gray fox, Jacque Passino, the company's special vehicles manager, looked as though he had just swallowed an Italian canary. Only Passino's hair is gray; he turned out for the race in a pink candy-striped blazer, and he obviously intended to pick up some sweets for Henry Ford II at Le Mans.

"The Mark IV," he said, "is the new hope. Keep in mind that we did not extend it during today's race. It was fast, but not overextended. There is more in it than we used. The beautiful part, of course, is that it seems to run forever at sustained speed."

Are you ready, Mr. Ferrari? **END**

SORE ARMS AND NO CIGARETTES

Hank Bauer's pitchers are hurting and his doctor has told him to quit smoking, a parlay that should have left the Baltimore manager snapping at people. But things really don't look bad at all for the Orioles **by JOE JARES**

Hank Bauer, the bright orange bill of his cap pulled down to shield his eyes from the sun, tilted his head back just a mite to scan the sky beyond the palm trees lining Miami Stadium's fences. While attending something like 23 banquets in the off season, Bauer had managed to eat sparingly enough to lose a pound and had smilingly endured the inevitable jokes about his TV hair-spray commercials. Now, following his doctor's advice, he was in his sixth day without cigarettes, down from four packs a day to an occasional lemon drop. The way he sat there cross-legged on the dugout bench, with that disciplined, tough-guy face, he could have been a Marine Corps drill instructor lounging on the barracks steps, considering what torture to inflict on his recruits that day.

But instead of barking he said quietly to the group gathered around him, "I hope it doesn't rain. We need the work." The low-in-nicotine-and-tars manager of the World Champion Orioles had problems other than cigarettes last week. Baltimore is a young team, yet it won the American League pennant by nine games last season and beat the Dodgers four straight in the World Series. What, besides tobacco, could be worrying Bauer? Well, though he did not say so, there was a two-game trip to Puerto Rico coming up, and that would scare anybody. And Frank Robinson's knee was hurting. F. Robby led the league in hitting, homers and runs batted in, but he had had a piece of gristle removed from his right knee in November and there had been some swelling this spring. "We've been taking it easy on Frank," admitted Bauer. Also his pitchers were lagging. Jim Palmer had a sore shoulder. After throwing a shutout against the Dodgers in the Series, he had pitched sparingly this spring. Wally Bunker developed tendonitis in his elbow last July and was on the disabled list awhile before returning to form at the end of the season. He was still a question. Lefty Steve Barber also had tendonitis in his elbow, and he never did get back to normal after a terrific 10-3 start. This spring his elbow had become swollen after each pitching stint. Dave McNally, another young Series hero, was bothered by some swelling in his left knee.

The injury list bothered Bauer, and it also made a distinctly adverse impression on some observers. A gimpy outfielder and a sore-armed pitching staff? Brother, we better bet on Detroit this year. But the rain-interrupted game in Miami that afternoon and the jaunt to Puerto Rico over the weekend helped dispel some of the doubts. McNally worked five innings against the Red Sox and allowed one hit and no runs. Barber was not as sharp—he gave up a run in the three innings he pitched—but his elbow seemed O.K. "I think it's going to be all right," Barber said. To top things off, Frank Robinson showed no limp at all when he raced in, caught a little looper off his shoetops and did a forward roll on the grass.

The Orioles flew from Miami to Puerto Rico with the Pittsburgh Pirates, who many think will be Baltimore's opponents in the World Series next October. The first game between them on the Isle of Enchantment was in Ponce, the Pearl of the South. Both teams stayed at the plush El Ponce Intercontinental Hotel, on a hilltop overlooking the city. Bauer had reserved a suite, which was fine, except that somehow many of the rooms that had been reserved were not available and Bauer had to share his quarters with Baltimore Coach Gene Woodling and two Pittsburgh players. What was once a suite had become a dormitory. Jerry Hoffberger, the Orioles' chairman of the board and president of a large Baltimore brewery, was in Ponce, and his Puerto Rican distributors threw a party for the players by the hotel pool. The beer arrived warm.

The playing site, Paquito Montaner Park, was short on lighting and grass. Near the Pirates' dugout there was a big mound of dirt—delicately garnished with an empty beer can—that is used on other days as a high-jump pit. The Ponce fans were enthusiastic and friendly, and they were dressed in their usual informal way (only aristocrats and ballplayers tuck in their shirts in Ponce). With the grassless field and the *cerveza* flowing in the stands, the atmosphere was like that of a bullfight. The fans booed loudly when Baltimore's Paul Blair was introduced. Blair had played for rival Santurce this past winter and hit a three-run homer in the ninth inning to beat Ponce in the Caribbean Series.

Wally Bunker pitched the first five innings for the Orioles and allowed four runs and five hits, including two homers —even though Roberto Clemente and Willie Stargell, both ailing, did not play for the Pirates. But earlier in the spring he had shut out the Dodgers over five innings, which Pitching Coach Harry Brecheen considers a better indication of what Wally can do. Bunker himself says the arm "is coming along real well." The Orioles won anyway, 8–4, with a seven-run bombardment in the fifth inning. Rookie Mike Epstein, minor league Player of the Year as a first baseman for Rochester last season, drove in two runs. Because Boog Powell is a fixture at first, Epstein has been trying to learn the outfield with so-so success, and he may have to be minor league Player of the Year again, this time as an outfielder, to get his chance with Baltimore.

Saturday afternoon's game was played on the other side of the island, in San Juan's clean, modern (the clubhouses even have showers) Hiram Bithorn Estadio Municipal, named after the first Puerto Rican ever to play in the major leagues. It is the home park of the San Juan Senadores (Senators) and the Santurce Cangrejeros (Crabs). Comfortable

among friends this time, Crab Hero Paul Blair got a nice round of applause and huzzahs. The Oriole starter was 25-year-old Tom Phoebus, a native Baltimorean and a rookie. If Jim Palmer's shoulder does not come around (Trainer Ed Weidner says he is not worried), or if one of the other prospective starters—Barber, Bunker or McNally—does not pitch up to expectations, Phoebus may be able to take up the slack. He may force his way into the rotation anyway. Brought up from Rochester late last season, he pitched two shutouts in a row, the first with more than 20 of his relatives in the stands at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. Going into the Pirate game in San Juan, he had pitched 18 innings in spring training, plus two innings in intrasquad games, and had given up only three runs.

"He's got himself into a good groove now," said Brecheen. "He's been pitching the same way all spring for us. He's got to the point where he can consistently throw strikes."

With an economical right-handed delivery, a good assortment of pitches and seven years of minor-league experience at such places as Bluefield, Leesburg and Aberdeen, Phoebus figures to make it this year. Brecheen and others helped him get a lot of arm-flapping waste motion out of his delivery. A stumpy 5′ 8″ and 185 pounds, he is not as fast as Palmer, but he throws hard enough to have been a strikeout specialist at every stop from Bluefield to Rochester. In San Juan he went five innings, gave up five hits and just one run. Baltimore won the game 3-1 and also took the five-game Grapefruit League series with the Pirates 3-2, in case you want to make a future-book bet on the World Series.

One of the game sponsors passed out free cans of lighter fluid as the Orioles left their clubhouse and walked through a humid human corridor of fire-hat-wearing fans to the waiting bus, but it is likely that the players were thinking of more refreshing liquids, like the $3.60 specialty sold in the bar of one of San Juan's luxury beach hotels—a giant mixture of rums, vodka, Grand Marnier and mango juice called The Tropical Itch. It comes complete with a Caribbean back-scratcher—made in Japan. **END**



Tommy Phoebus broke in with two shutouts last September, has looked good in training.

SPIKING THE SIDE-KICK ISSUE

Are soccer-style field-goal kickers really better? To find out, Sports Illustrated carried a pair of U.S. pros almost to Newcastle to test two of the best in all Britain

by EDWIN SHRAKE and JOHN LOVESEY

Pete Gogolak started the argument. Ever since the former Hungarian soccer player ran sideways at an American professional football and kicked it between the goalposts three years ago in Buffalo, there has been debate over which is better—the ritualistic, squared-up, one-step field-goal method that has dominated the game since the end of the dropkick era or the diagonal approach of kickers who have been trained in soccer.

Soccer-style enthusiasts claim their method is more accurate, especially from shorter distances. There is enough merit in their claim to have persuaded two more pro clubs to employ soccer-style kickers last season, and nearly every team in both leagues has had a soccer kicker in for a tryout.

The classicists insist their method is just as accurate, gets the ball away faster and is more powerful. It might seem the argument could be settled by comparing the statistics of the three soccer-style kickers—Pete Gogolak, now of New York, brother Charlie Gogolak of Washington and Garo Yepremian of Detroit—with the results obtained by conventional kickers. But that is not the case, as the kickers themselves, a touchy group, are quick to declare.

Many factors have a bearing on a kicker's success, among them the condition of the field, the quality of his protection against the rush he is facing, the weather and the distance he is attempting. Sam Baker of the Philadelphia Eagles tried a 58-yard field goal against San Francisco in the rain last season. "It was like kicking a wet duck," Baker says. The miss from 58 yards shows up in Baker's statistics merely as a number, as does the kick he made from 51 yards.

Strangely enough, hardly any coach in either pro league is really satisfied with his field-goal kicker. Last season Danny Villanueva of Dallas kicked 56 extra points without a miss, kicked 17 of 31 field goals and finished second in the NFL in scoring with 107 points. To show what they thought of Villanueva's performance, the Cowboys have launched what they call a Kicking Karavan to cover 29 cities, offering open trials for any waiter, enchilada cook or truck driver who considers himself a pro kicker.

Coaches believe no field-goal kicker should miss from inside the 30-yard line, regardless of his style. The good kickers rarely do miss from that range. The fact that they ever do is as much the fault of the coaches as of the kickers, according to Baker.

"Most coaches are ignorant," Baker says. "They don't understand what is involved in kicking. The truth is the center makes the holder and the holder makes the kicker. Kicking is a matter of timing. The more a coach lets his center, his holder and his kicker work together in practice, the better the kicking will be. A kicker can stand out there by himself in practice and kick the ball off a tee all day long and it doesn't help him.

"At Philadelphia we have a great center in Jim Ringo. He gets the ball back fast and right to the spot every time. We have a great holder in Joe Scarpati. He catches the ball out in front of

LEN KILLEEN, RUGBY LEAGUE PLAYER, PROVED A CLASSIC STRAIGHT-AHEAD KICKER



him, where I can see it, and he gets it down fast onto the spot without spinning the laces in a way that would distract my vision. Our coach [Joe Kuharich] let us have all the practice time together that we wanted. That's why we had a good kicking year."

With all those factors to mull over, it would be impossible to judge soccer-style kickers' results against those of conventional kickers. *The only way to* make any sort of judgment would be to match a good soccer kicker against a good conventional kicker under precisely the same conditions—on the same field, on the same day, with the same center and holder.

That is what SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did recently at St. Helens, north of Liverpool, England, putting two conventional U.S. kickers against one of the best English soccer kickers and throwing in a top Rugby kicker to cover the field.

The contestants

SAM BAKER, 6′ 1″, 230 pounds, 35 years old, of the Philadelphia Eagles. A 12-year pro veteran who started his career as a fullback, Baker played for Cleveland, Washington and Dallas before being traded to Philadelphia, where he also punts. He is an extrovert and an independent thinker who does not hesitate to speak out, a trait that not all coaches *find desirable. Working with* Ringo and Scarpati, Baker got off his kicks in an average of 1.3 seconds last season and kicked one in a fantastic 1.1 seconds. A time of 1.5 or 1.6 is good enough. Last year Baker had the best percentage of any kicker in the league. He made 18 of 25, including 14 without a miss from inside the 40. From the 40 to the 49 he kicked three of seven. He kicked one of four from beyond the 50, was the only kicker in the NFL to score from that distance. The league average on field goals was .557, with .73 accuracy inside the 30. Bruce Gossett of the Rams set a record by kicking 28 field goals, but he missed 21 and finished with .571.

MIKE MERCER, 6′, 220 pounds, 31 years old, of the Buffalo Bills. Mercer started last season with Oakland but wound up kicking for Kansas City, which won the AFL championship and *played in the Super Bowl, where Mercer* kicked a 31-yard field goal. Over the last three years Mercer has kicked 45 of 68 field goals. Until last season he was also a punter. In one four-year stretch he kicked 147 consecutive extra points. Last season Mercer kicked 21 of 30 field goals, including three from 47 yards, and one from 50. Of his misses, two were from 48 yards and one from 50. He had a streak of seven in a row and 12 of 15. Son of Ken Mercer, who played pro football for New York and Philadelphia

continued

BOBBY CHARLTON, ENGLAND'S SOCCER EQUIVALENT OF MICKEY MANTLE, HAD SPENT A LIFETIME KICKING UNDER THE CROSSBAR





SAM BAKER OF PHILADELPHIA STRESSED TEAMWORK



MIKE MERCER, NOW OF BUFFALO BILLS, SAID RELAXATION WAS THE SECRET

in the 1920s. Mercer says that "the secret for the kicker is relaxation. You must meet the ball square. It's like golf, in that when you try to kick too hard you tend to hook the ball. You can always tell when you've hit a good kick. It makes a sharp sound like *ping!* A bad one goes *bloomp!*"

LEN KILLEEN, 5′ 11″, 182 pounds, 28 years old, of the Rugby League Club of St Helens Rugby League is the tougher, professional version of Rugby Union, which is sort of a cross between soccer and American football. Killeen, a South African who was imported to England four years ago to play Rugby, is a wing three-quarter who must stay on the field for the entire 80 minutes of the no-substitution Rugby League game and must do much of his team's ballcarrying. The dark-haired, left-footed Killeen is his team's best kicker. He punts on the run and considers a good punt as "50 to 70 yards, although there are days I can't get 'em out of the 40s." As a field-goal kicker, Killeen uses the classic North American style, but he can kick soccer style when he needs to place the ball at a certain point to gain an advantage under Rugby rules. For a field goal he has no center or holder. Killeen heels out a small divot in the ground, stands the ball on end and kicks it. In the Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley Stadium in London last May, he kicked a 70-yard field goal from an angle five yards in from the sideline, despite the hooting of fans who thought that it was impossible. He was voted Man of the Match.

BOBBY CHARLTON, 5′ 9″, 161 pounds, 29 years old, of the Manchester United Football (soccer) Club. Charlton, who is as well known in England as Mickey Mantle or Johnny Unitas in the U.S., played on England's World Cup championship team last summer. He is one of the best soccer kickers in the world. Charlton learned to play soccer by kicking a bundle of rags around the back alleys of the mining town where he was raised. The object in soccer is to kick the ball under the crossbar rather than over it, which makes the U.S.-style kick unnatural to Charlton. Like all right-footed soccer-style kickers, Charlton must plant his left foot hard to get a power base, and that handicaps him on a muddy field. Also in common with soccer-style kickers, Charlton kicks the U.S. ball with a hook. A superb athlete, he can kick almost as well with his left foot as with his right. "The soccer style should be more accurate with any kind of ball, at least from shorter distances," says Charlton, "because if the kicker misses the center of the ball he still gets more foot on it with his follow-through. But from far out, a ball kicked soccer-style floats instead of shooting forward, and therefore it drops earlier."

The balls that were used in the contest were six American Football League regulation footballs. Baker, however, brought three NFL balls of his own and kicked them exclusively. Mercer thinks the NFL ball is fatter and easier to kick, but in a pre-Super Bowl controversy Cleveland Quarterback Frank Ryan, blindfolded, could not tell the balls apart. Killeen and Charlton had kicked American footballs once before, during a practice session two months prior to their meeting with Baker and Mercer. Using a center and a holder from a U.S. Air

Force team, they each tried 15 kicks from the 20-, 30- and 40-yard lines. Charlton missed once, from the 40. Killeen did not miss until they moved back to the 50. "The American football," Killeen said, "is a better ball to kick than the Rugby ball up to 40 yards, but it is harder at 50." Charlton agreed. "The big problem with our [soccer] ball is getting it off the ground," Charlton said. "The American ball is almost off the ground already when it's stood up."

The Rugby League ball is very similar to the American ball in weight, length and girth, but less pointed. Dr. Mike Judd, a British aerodynamics expert, studied both balls for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He found no significant difference in performance. "Theoretically, the rougher surface texture of the American ball could result in lower drag and greater distance," Judd said. "But the Rugby ball is slightly softer at the correct pressure than the American ball, allowing the toe or instep to sink in further at impact. The result is the Rugby ball rises more easily."

The four kickers met on a gray, rainy day at the 35,000-seat Rugby League stadium in St. Helens. The dressing room was small and cold, and there was a pit in the floor, crusted with old bars of soap, for communal bathing. Baker and Mercer looked around as if they had blundered into the room where the yard tools were kept, but Killeen and Charlton were already hanging their clothes on nails along the wall. The kickers shook hands and then examined each other obliquely. Mercer and Baker had never heard of Charlton and Killeen, and vice versa. Somebody asked Killeen if he had any idea what was happening in a football game when Baker or Mercer tried to kick a field goal.

"Yes," he said. "There's four chaps blocking."

It was explained that there were nine chaps blocking and, possibly, 11 rushing.

"Picture that," said Killeen.

"But I've only been knocked down once after a field goal in the last three years," Mercer said.

"Well, you just got to blot those chaps out of your mind, then," said Killeen.

Charlton put on shorts and a pair of soft soccer shoes. Killeen wore shorts, a sweat shirt and his high-topped Rugby shoes, which looked as if they might have been left to him in Jim Thorpe's will. The leather was cracked and wrinkled. "These is bad boots," Killeen said. "Usually I can wear a pair for two years. These has cracked in less than a season."

"You really kick in those things?" said Baker.

"Not much way out of it," Killeen said.

Charlton and Killeen were fascinated by Baker's kicking shoe, which had a wide metal blade extending from the toe, rather like a lawn edger facing horizontally. Mercer's shoe had a hard square toe on the right foot, but it was Baker's that grabbed attention.

"Look at that great bloody hoot," Charlton said softly. "What does he think this is, golf?"

They went out to warm up on a muddy, poorly tended field that felt something like rice pudding underfoot. Killeen ran a couple of laps, kicking a football along in front of him, yelling at Charlton, and then he picked up the football and booted a perfect 40-yard dropkick between the posts. Several of Killeen's teammates and former Rugby players came out to watch. One fellow who was sweeping the stands leaned on his broom for a moment and shouted to Killeen, "Keep your head down now!" Killeen laughed. "Easy for you to say," he said. To the absolute amazement of Baker and Mercer, the fellow with the broom was identified as the St. Helens manager (coach). It is part of his job to keep the place clean. Besides playing some 40 to 50 regular-season games per year, nearly every Rugby League player must have a full-time outside job. Killeen is a car salesman. His total income is about $10,000 a year, of which one-third is his Rugby salary. Charlton, one of the highest-paid team-sports athletes in England, earns about $25,000, and half of that comes from endorsements.

The field was marked for the contest. Bobby Brewer, quarterback of the U.S. Air Force team at Wethersfield, knelt to hold for practice kicks while Les Thrash, assistant coach of the same team, snapped the ball. Mercer had not kicked since the Super Bowl some six weeks earlier, and Baker had not kicked since the Runnerup Bowl a week before that. Both had done so much walking in London that Baker had worn holes in his socks. "My leg feels like spaghetti," Mercer said. After some practice kicks it was decided to abandon the center snap and to use the holder with a kicking tee he had brought because of the mud, although tees are not legal in professional football. The kicking was to be done with reasonable speed but was not timed at a rigid 1.5 seconds.

From the 30, Mercer missed two of his first four kicks and then quit using the tee. Baker hit four of five. Charlton, slipping in the mud and hooking badly, missed his first three kicks. Killeen, wide with his first kick, was singed by his

continued

HOW THE FOUR COMPARED

In the chart below the G stands for a goal made, X for a miss. The Americans Mercer and Baker finished ahead, mostly on the strength of their successful tries from the 50.

	30	35	40	45	50	TOTAL
MERCER	GXGXG	GGGGG	GGGGG	XGXGX	XXGXG	
	60%	100%	100%	40%	40%	68%
BAKER	GXGGG	GGXGG	GGGXX	XXXXG	XXXGG	
	80%	80%	60%	20%	40%	56%
KILLEEN	XGGGG	GGGXX	GGGGX	XXXGG	XXXXX	
	80%	60%	80%	40%	00%	52%
CHARLTON	XXXGG	XXGGG	GGXGG	GXXXX	XXXXX	
	40%	60%	80%	20%	00%	40%

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rooters behind the goalposts. He responded by kicking four in a row. His rooters would catch the balls by trapping them with their feet, a soccer trick. The British are constantly astounded by the Americans' ability to catch a ball with the hands. Throwing the balls back, the rooters would grasp them at the point and hurl them like grenades until an American bystander showed a couple of them how to throw a wobbly spiral, which pleased them.

After his shaky start, Mercer hit his fifth try from the 30 and proceeded to kick 11 in a row, not missing one again until the first kick from the 45. Baker had a string of 10 of 11, missing one from the 35 and his last two from the 40. Killeen kicked seven in a row from the 30 to the 35, missed two, then kicked four of five from the 40. But Killeen was starting to flinch. "Len can't kick that hard ball with his soft-toed shoes. It hurts him," said Charlton, who hit eight of nine from the 35 to the 45. Some of Charlton's misses went under the crossbar. "I wish they'd all go under the bar. I don't want him to start ballooning his kicks in a real game," said a British observer.

Charlton, still hooking, made one from the 45 and none from the 50. Killeen had three near misses from the 45, kicked two, then missed all five from the 50, although four were so close that they looked good before they dropped under the bar. "Len ought to get one of those big kicking boots, go to America and make a fortune," Charlton said.

The middle of the field at the 50-yard line at St. Helens was a sink. The idea of kicking out of a hole in the ground had not perturbed Charlton or Killeen. But Baker and Mercer decided to move back another yard and a half to a spot where the ground, though muddy, was at least level. From nearly 52 yards out, Baker kicked two of five. Of the misses, one hit the upright and another hit the crossbar. From the same place, Mercer also kicked two of five, but of his three misses two hit the crossbar and one hit the post. It is reasonable to assume that, had they kicked from the 50, Baker and Mercer might have made all five. But, of course, Killeen and Charlton might have done much better had they not kicked out of a hole.

"Ever try one from this far out in a game?" asked Baker.

"Hardly," Charlton said. "We've got goalkeepers, you know. They knock it down."

Neither Charlton nor Killeen was much impressed with the thought of Baker or Mercer as athletes. To a soccer player or a Rugby player, someone who merely kicks contributes little. The concept of a kicking specialist is, to them, ridiculous. "Anybody can do that," Charlton said. "You have to be a little bit big, have a little ball sense and it's easy, particularly with those big boots. There's no real skill involved. But I suppose if I had all those fellows rushing at me I wouldn't like it."

Mercer and Baker were both impressed with Killeen, who has quick action and a very strong leg. Baker promised to send Killeen a pair of kicking shoes with the plate on the proper foot. "My only reservation about him is if he can kick with a rush on," said Mercer. "If he can do that, there's no reason why he couldn't make it as a pro in the U.S." Killeen, whose season ends in May, wants to come to the U.S. for a trial. "I don't see why you should get all worked up about rushers if you've got chaps to block," he said. "I'd like a go at it."

Mercer, with 17 of 25 despite two misses from the 30, was an easy winner. Baker kicked 14 of 25. Killeen finished one behind Baker. Charlton's failure from the 45 and farther out left him fourth with 10 of 25. The fact that the Americans were not in top shape was balanced by the strange ball Killeen and Charlton were kicking. Killeen suffered most, since he was kicking in the conventional style with a soft shoe.

The three who kicked in the conventional style outscored the soccer kicker by an appreciable margin. Up to the 40-yard line Charlton held his own. Beyond that point his style no longer gave him an equal chance, and he admitted it. "This is my limit," he said after a few kicks from the 45. The conclusion would seem to be that the classicists win the argument. A conventional kicker has the advantage with an American football from the greater distances. From shorter range a soccer kicker is very accurate, but so is a good conventional kicker. Perhaps, rather than chasing around the world for soccer-style kickers, pro football coaches should follow Sam Baker's advice and devote more practice time to the centers, holders and kickers they already have. **END**

Ask the man who drives one.



A WEEK WHEN THE WORLD COMES TO AUGUSTA

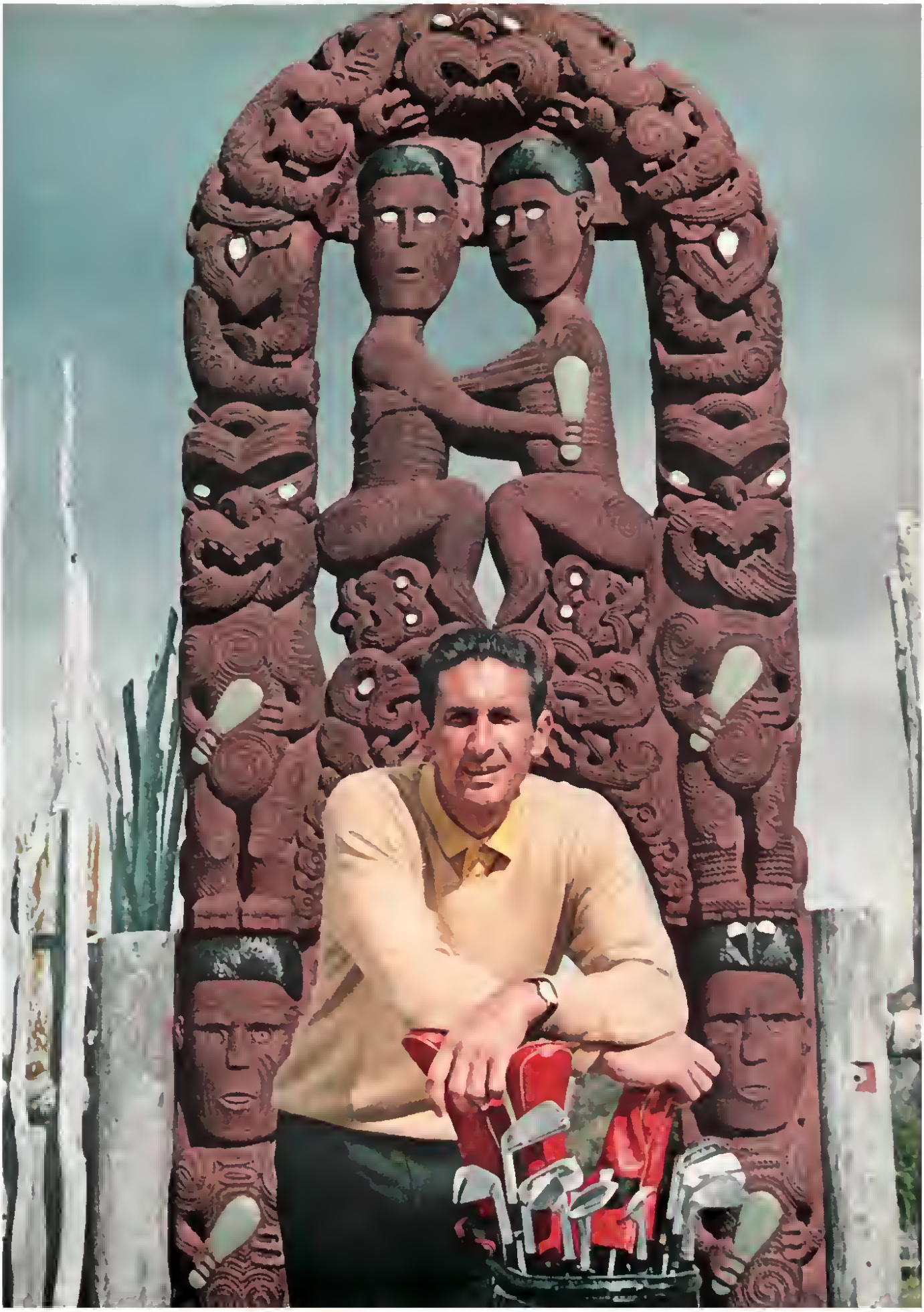
In 1934, the year that the first Masters was played, golf was an Anglo-American game, and rare was the professional who competed outside of his own country. But the air age has taken the sport to six continents, and today a good golfer is as likely to come from Tokyo or Johannesburg as from Columbus or Latrobe. The first tournament to recognize this and truly welcome outlanders was the Masters For the past 20 years Bobby Jones has woven foreigners into the very fabric of his event, enhancing not only the tournament itself but the image of world golf as well. Now the invited foreigners make an annual pilgrimage to Georgia, lending zest, flavor and fractured English to the Augusta scene. Sometimes they add even more: in 1961 South Africa's Gary Player won, the only visitor ever to do so, and others have finished surprisingly well. On the following pages, photographed in their native habitat, are seven distinguished foreigners of the 23 who will compete in this year's Masters



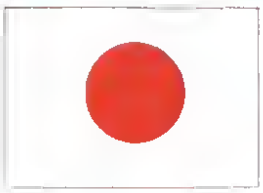
New Zealand's left handed Bob Charles, here framed by the carved entrance gate of the Maori village at Whakarewarewa, is the first of his countrymen to attain international stature as a professional golfer











The tranquility of a Japanese garden suits Hideyo Sugimoto's background but not his style of play. A husky slugger, he is in his first Masters after a second-place finish at the 1966 Canada Cup.



Kangaroos play on the Anglesea Golf Course near Melbourne, Australia, and so does Bruce Devlin, who in 1964 finished fourth at Augusta. He now ranks second only to Player among foreign golfers.





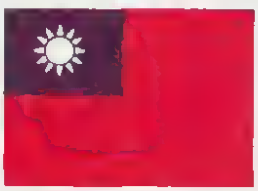


The pro at the Royal Golf Club in this, his home town of Santander, Spain, Ramon Sota is as revered as a matador by compatriots. He says finishing fifth in the 1965 Masters was his "finest triumph."



England's Peter Butler (below) stands on the moors of the Dudley Golf Club with slag heaps of his native Birmingham behind him. A good wind player, he led 1966 Masters after two stormy days.



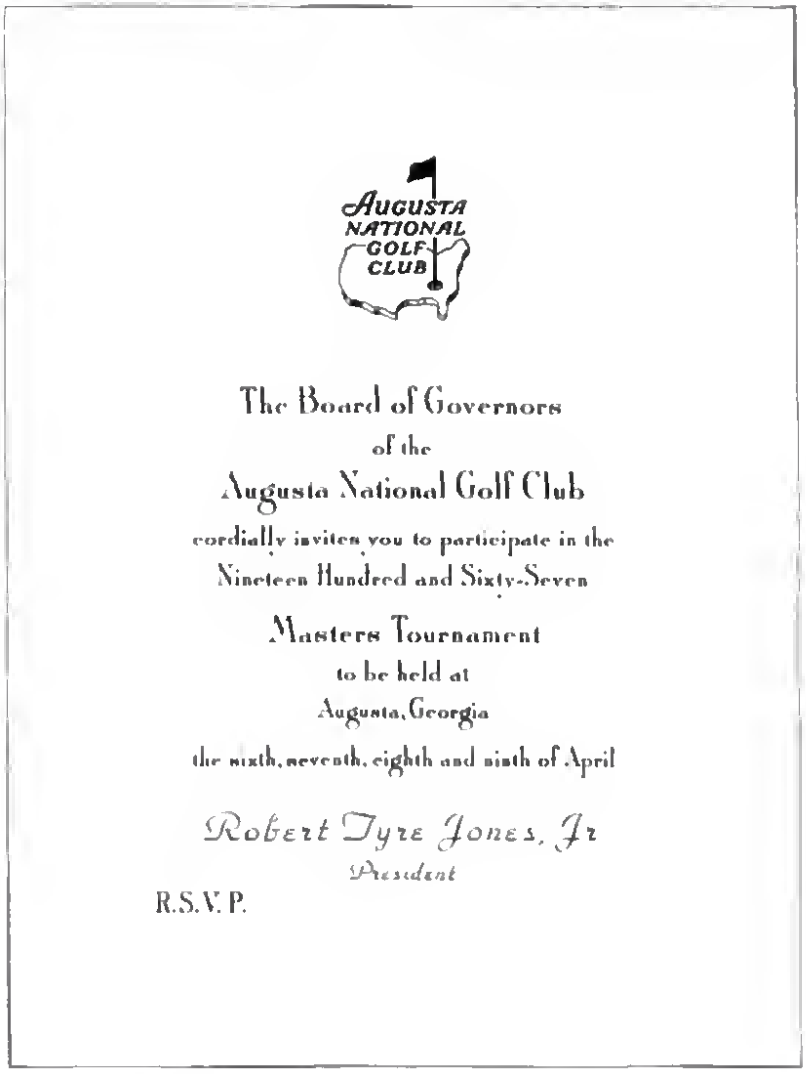


From China via Formosa, Chen Ching-po (left) is now a teaching pro in Tokyo. He has played in the Masters since 1963, when he threatened the leaders after three days and finished extremely well.





Argentina's Roberto de Vicenzo, smiling before the fare of an outdoor restaurant near Buenos Aires, has dominated pro golf in Latin America for years and has won more than 120 tournaments.



THE MASTERS SENDS AN INVITATION TO REMEMBER

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

Just a little over 10 years ago a letter from a proud father in South Africa arrived at the Augusta National Golf Club. It was addressed to Clifford Roberts, who, along with Robert T. Jones Jr., ranks as co-founder and overlord of the Masters. The writer stated that his son had a splendid record (same enclosed) as an amateur and had turned professional. Ever since his son was a boy, the letter advised, it had been the lad's ambition to travel to America and play in the Masters and meet Bobby Jones, his idol, about whom he had read so much. The father wondered if Mr. Roberts would consider sending his boy an invitation. The young man had no money for the trip, but if he received an invitation, the father said, he would "pass the hat" among his friends to raise funds for the plane ticket.

Such letters arrive at Augusta frequently during the months preceding each Masters Tournament. They come from governors of states, mayors of cities, Congressmen and occasionally rulers of countries, all espousing candidates for what has become the most eminent invitational tournament in golf. As is their practice in such situations, Jones and Roberts discussed the letter from South Africa. They made inquiries among various golf officials and checked the young man's background. It was discovered that not only was his competitive record impressive, he was also highly regarded as a youngster of good character. A decision was made to send him an invitation, and Roberts cabled the father. PASS THE HAT.

It was as a result of this correspondence in 1957 that Gary Player first came to the U.S. He made a respectable showing in that Masters, finishing in a tie for 24th after a nervous 77 on opening day. The following year he was invited again, it being an unofficial policy of Roberts and Jones to ask a foreigner for a second time no matter how he performs initially. "We feel that many factors might keep a foreigner from playing his

continued

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best on his first visit here," says Roberts. "He deserves a second chance."

Although Player did well on the pro tour in 1958, including a second-place finish in the U.S. Open, he missed the cut at the Masters. But in 1959 he moved up to eighth. In 1960 he reached sixth, and in 1961 he was the winner.

"That," says Cliff Roberts, "was one of the most heartening things that has happened in connection with our event. It was the culmination of the development of the international phase of the tournament."

Although it is seldom thought of in that connection, the Masters has been a pioneer of international golf competition. Long before there was a Canada Cup or an Eisenhower Trophy for which the Thais and Pakistanis and Zambians could compete, golfers from half a world away were coming to Augusta to try to shake the aura of invincibility that the Americans had established for themselves in the pro game. Among the first of these was Bobby Locke, who arrived at Augusta for the 1947 Masters on Wednesday, picked up his credentials, inquired about his starting time and teed off the following morning without ever having played a round of golf in the U.S. He shot two 74s while getting used to things, then finished with 71-70 for 289 and a three-way tie for 14th with Lawson Little and Dick Chapman.

In 1950 Roberto de Vicenzo flew up from Argentina to make his Masters debut. Speaking virtually no English, he entered a small restaurant in Augusta to get some breakfast just after his arrival. "A fellow was having breakfast at a nearby table," De Vicenzo recalls, "and I motioned to the waiter, trying to make him understand that I wanted the same thing the other man was eating. Instead, the waiter brought over the man's bill. I did not have breakfast that morning —and I don't make signals anymore." By the end of that week De Vicenzo had fattened up on the competition, closing with rounds of 73-71 that brought him a tie for 12th with Horton Smith. This week De Vicenzo is making his eighth appearance in the Masters, and although he has never improved on his 12th-place finish, he still looks upon a trip to Augusta as something of a pilgrimage. "I feel the responsibility of representing my country as well as all Argentine golfers," he said recently. "This gives me a very special feeling about the Masters."

De Vicenzo is a warm and affable man, but not all the foreigners have shared these characteristics, and whenever an opportunity arises for the American pros to grumble about the number of spaces in the Masters allotted to foreigners they have not hesitated to do so. Once a delegation of leading American professionals tried to persuade Roberts to withhold an invitation to Locke. They felt he had been contentious and uncooperative during his U.S. visits, and they themselves had already barred him from further competition on their own tour. "Gentlemen," Roberts replied, at a time when the Masters was not nearly the success that it is today, "if Bobby Locke is the only golfer who shows up at the tournament, he will take home all the prize money." That ended that.

Roberts is a man with a singular devotion to his club and its tournament and, like many men who are dedicated to a cause, he can be firm to the point of crustiness. "The only excuse for having the Masters," he has said, "is whatever service it can be to the game of golf. Our members make a great sacrifice to put on this tournament, and the reason is that they are very proud of the Masters and what it stands for. We would not hold the tournament if we couldn't do it the way we think best."

It is a matter of pride with Jones and Roberts that the Masters was not only a pioneer of international golf competition but introduced many talented foreign players to American golf. The prototype was Locke. After him came Peter Thomson, the Australian, who is the only modern-era golfer to have won the British Open five times. Thomson, a brisk and sturdy type, has been by far the most formidable golfer on the European and Far Eastern circuits for the past decade. Although he shot one of the lowest nine-hole scores in U.S. competition last year —a 29 at Oklahoma City—he has never played up to his form in American tournaments, and his Masters record has belied his ability ever since he was first invited to Augusta in 1953.

At that time Thomson had not yet won a major tournament outside Australia and New Zealand, but Jones and Roberts had heard about him and felt he deserved an invitation. Though he sometimes is critical of American golf, Thomson has played in six Masters since then. On one occasion at Augusta he ran afoul of the cruelest penalty in

golf, Chick Harbert, Thomson's playing partner, was keeping his scorecard, and Harbert inadvertently wrote down the wrong score for Peter on one hole. Thomson failed to catch the error before signing his card, and since the attested score was lower than what he actually took, he had to be disqualified. He accepted the penalty like the sportsman he is, but Jones and Roberts were most unhappy. "Nothing could have been more embarrassing for us," Roberts said later.

Another outstanding Masters discovery was Bob Charles, the left-handed New Zealander who developed into a kind of icon for the rest of the world's left-handers when he became the first of their species to win a PGA tournament. Charles won the New Zealand open championship—as an amateur—and his reputation reached Jones and Roberts. Their invitation to compete in the 1958 Masters helped inspire Charles to quit his job as a bank clerk and borrow enough money for a golf junket to the U.S. that would culminate at Augusta. Charles is not a very powerful player, and he cannot drive the ball far enough to compete on favorable terms at Augusta with the likes of Jack Nicklaus (*see cover*) and Arnold Palmer. His record elsewhere, however, including his victory in the 1963 British Open, is enough to keep his Masters invitations coming.

There was a time not all that long ago when Augusta National would invite as many as 40 foreigners to the Masters and perhaps only 10 would accept. In those days it was the custom to send invitations to all members of the most recent British Ryder Cup and Walker Cup teams, but few of them could afford the time and the money for the long ocean voyage plus the *train* ride from New York to Augusta. The air age and the growing size of the Masters purses changed all that. Now every pro who tees up the ball on opening day at Augusta is guaranteed a check of at least $1,000, which will cover a round-trip ticket from about anywhere in the world. Last year 29 invitations were sent to foreigners, and 24 of them showed up. This year the foreign invitations were cut to 25, and 23 were accepted. (Missing are England's Neil Coles, who does not like to fly, and Ireland's Christy O'Connor, who has a foot injury.)

The reduction in the number of foreign invitations is part of a general effort by Jones and Roberts to cut the size

continued



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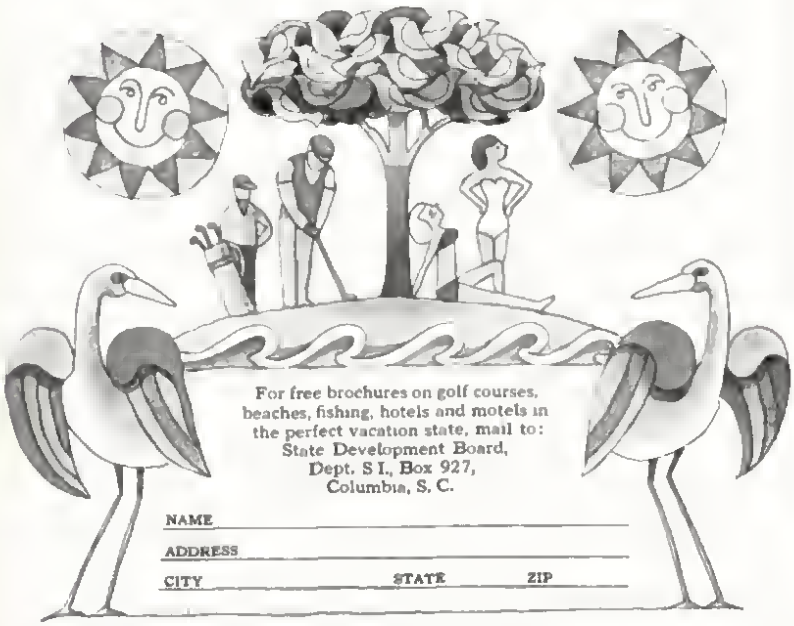
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of the Masters field so that the golf course can be played while in the best possible condition. Because winter grass grows rapidly during April at Augusta, it is necessary to mow the fairways twice each morning, in different directions. Last year there were 103 starters. Because Jones and Roberts also insist that the entire course be free of upkeep machinery while play is in progress, there was not enough time for two mowings before the first pairing teed off. Many of the pros complained about heavy lies in the fairways. This year the field is down to 83, the smallest since 1960, but the reduction has been essentially in the number of domestic entries. Henceforth, there will be a continuous effort to keep down the number of invitations for past champions of one variety or another, but Jones and Roberts will still apply their own much less formal standards to the foreign invitation list as they struggle to keep it equally selective.

This year as always, some of the foreigners who have used their allotted two invitations without conspicuous success are being replaced by new faces who have proved their worth on their own playing fields. Three of the newcomers are unusually interesting. One is South Africa's Bobby Cole, the exciting 18-year-old British Amateur champion who is anxious to try the U.S. pro tour. A number of people, including Gary Player, think Cole has a good chance to be one of the next superstars of golf. Another is Tony Jacklin, at 22 the most promising of the young British pros. And finally there is Joe Carr, the popular 45-year-old Irish amateur who is making his Masters debut at long last. Carr, who won the first of his three British Amateurs as long ago as 1953, is now past his golfing prime, but there is not an amateur in the world with a more distinguished record than this tall, handsome Irishman. No matter how he performs, he is a stimulating addition to the Masters field.

There are also three other good foreigners who have never tried the Masters before. Hideyo Sugimoto, an outsized Japanese with muscles like Babe the Blue Ox, received an invitation on the strength of nearly winning the individual trophy in last fall's Canada Cup matches. Bob Stanton, a 21-year-old Australian who recently qualified for the PGA tour, earned a bid by beating Palmer in a playoff in Australia's Dunlop

continued





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International last fall, and Bob Verwey of South Africa. Gary Player's brother-in-law, who has had some success on the PGA tour, is in the field.

Along with these new faces are the foreigners who have already been blooded and bloodied at Augusta National. Among them are Bruce Devlin of Australia, Peter Butler of Britain, Chen Ching-po of Formosa, Gary Cowan of Canada, who is the current U.S. Amateur champion, Luis Silverio, the wiry little amateur from the Philippines, and Spain's Ramon Sota.

By the time they tee off, all of the foreigners will have been entertained at the traditional dinner that Jones and Roberts give them each year at Augusta National. Among the speeches on such occasions is one that Clifford Roberts makes to help explain why he and Bobby Jones have so doggedly insisted on a representative foreign field in the Masters. It is a familiar speech, and, in Roberts' words, it goes like this.

"The number of you foreign players who compete here at the Masters depends entirely on how many golfers there are living outside the United States who have demonstrated the capacity to give our boys some competition. You will be up against the toughest bunch of gang busters there are in the game, and you start out with three strikes against you. You have made a long trip to get here, and many of you have not had a chance to adjust to the difference in time. You have not had enough practice on our course and under our conditions. And you can't play competitive golf the year around, as our boys can.

"But we have no monopoly on golfing talent in the United States. With the tremendous improvements in transportation and the growth of golf throughout the world, we expect to see more and more good players emerging from abroad. Sometimes I am asked what percentage of the Masters field we set aside for foreign entrants. There is no percentage. It all depends on you boys. The better you play, the more foreign players will be invited; the worse you play, the fewer will get invitations. Our own pros raise hell with me sometimes if we invite a lot of fellows who can't provide good competition. It is up to you to show them we haven't done that."

From the distinguished way they play, the visitors must take Cliff Roberts' speech to heart. **END**



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PART 3 / A HARD RIDE ALL THE WAY

BY BILL HARTACK WITH WHITNEY TOWER

THE DAYS OF THE ROSES

Four times in seven tries—a superlative record—Hartack has won racing's premier event, the Kentucky Derby. Analyzing those triumphs, he offers his own version of the controversial victory by a nose over Gallant Man

Anyone who has ever watched me ride a racehorse must know that I never tried to style my riding technique after that of another jockey. When I was around the half-milers I had no hero worship for any rider, but I got to be a fan of Howard Craig. In all the time I galloped horses, Craig was the jock that I liked to watch ride. But I don't think I patterned myself on anyone.

I was taught, and I guess I taught myself, too, to treat each horse individually —or try to. There are a lot of horses that have the same habits, but one may lack one habit or pick up another one that's different. There are so many different little things that are alike in horses, but the combination of little things can make one horse entirely different. I like to ride a horse the way a horse reacts to me in running a race. I have found that you get much better results that way.

When some people say that I don't look as good on a horse as some other rider, it doesn't bug me because the easiest thing in the world is to look good on a horse. Absolutely easy. All it takes is a little practice. But I can't see where it gains anything. First of all, to me, looking good would take away my most im-

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FIRST SUCCESS came with Iron Liege in 1957. Hartack sharing the glory with Calumet's Ben and Jimmy Jones (*left*). Three years later, riding Venetian Way, he upset the two top choices, Tompion and Bally Ache.

portant asset, which is to hustle on a horse. And, contrary to public belief, over 75% of the horses don't run free and clear. They're not running free. It's very easy to look good on a horse that's running free. But when you have to keep them moving, keep their mind on their business, looking like a picture on a horse doesn't help. I mean, maybe some jocks can do it and still get the run out of them. I can't. I gotta be hustling in my own way. I ride for my own comfort, and I ride where I feel I can do the horse the most good.

No one could tell me how to look on a horse. No one could tell me how to adjust my irons. I ride at a comfortable length, and I may change them four times in a day of racing, depending on the horses I'm riding. I don't stop to see if I'm ace-deuce. I ride the way I'm comfortable. If you want to look good and you want to practice at it, fine. That's not a criticism, just because I do something different from everybody else.

I think, for example, that it's an advantage to be a left-handed hitter. There are more races lost because a rider can't hit left-handed. As you know, on our tracks all the horses run to the left and all of them crowd to the left in order to save ground. So when you're in close on a horse and he's lugging in, you just can't hit him right-handed. I think if the racetrack were run the opposite way the right-handed rider would have the greatest advantage. I'll switch to my right side only if the horse is trying to run out, but I'm not as good a right-hand hitter—just sufficient.

I can recognize things immediately during the five to 12 minutes that a rider has to warm up his horse before a race. You can put me on a horse that I've never seen before in my life and not tell me anything about him, and after warming him up I can talk to you for two hours about that horse. With 2-year-olds, for instance, you must be particularly careful to test the mouth, for there's very little taking hold of a 2-year-old once you're running. I also want to find out if he's spooky. He may shy and duck and dodge and things like that. If he does, you have to school him going to the post, because if you don't get him over some of that spookiness quick you

continued





LAST TWO winners, Decidedly in 1962 (*above, with Owner George Pope*) and Northern Dancer in 1964 (*with E. P. Taylor*), were trained by Horatio Luro, who would be glad to have Hartack again on a Derby colt.

know he's not going to run his best.

With any horse, you test their stride—you see how they're striding out. Not too much with a 2-year-old, because the majority of them are sound, but when you get with older horses you make sure that they warm up so that they're loosened up. I guarantee you 40% or 50% of older horses have a certain amount of stiffness and you've got to warm it out of them properly. Sometimes you start out slow and warm up fast. Sometimes you start out fast and warm up slow. It all depends on your own judgment, but the 12 minutes going to the gate are very important. Of course, you must follow the trainer's instructions about warming up, but if a trainer doesn't tell me what to do, I've got to find out *something* about that horse. You don't have to be in a wide-open gallop to pick these things up.

There are lots of things prior to the running of a race that must be considered very carefully. It's like Junie Corbin always used to remind me about being on my toes. You must remember, for example, about which horses have a tendency to lug in or lug out. Some horses are greener than others. Still others have trouble changing strides to go into the proper lead in a turn. I don't ever go into a turn without worrying about whether my horse is going to change leads or not. I worry about it because he *has* to change leads, and if he doesn't I'm in trouble. I'm gonna lose the race. The way they stand in the starting gate is very important. For instance, if they lug in and they're standing with their shoulders to the inside when they break, they're going to break in. They may not bother themselves, but they're going to bother another horse in the race. So you have to be able to compensate for that. Breaking so many horses from the gate during my long experience as exercise boy has been a tremendous help to me in getting off to a good start in hundreds of actual races. For everything that a horse does that's wrong the rider should be able to compensate in some way to make him do what's right. You don't just plunk a horse in the gate and sit there, and when the gate goes, you go. You always have to be thinking and doing things that your experience has taught you.

Actually, you have the same basic problems all the time, but as long as there's racing there will always be something new to learn, because you're always dealing with horses you've never seen before. So it's a matter of sifting out your information and using it on a new horse. As far as learning how to come out of the gate, for instance, I know every way, shape and form to come out of the gate. But each way hinges on what kind of a horse you're riding. So every new horse that comes up you've got to learn about.

Only occasionally in the last few years have I gotten up early in the morning to work horses. I gave up the everyday going out and just getting on horses, but sometimes I'm asked to go out and work a stakes horse, and at other times I've even volunteered to come out and do it on my own without being asked. Ridan was one example. I put in a lot of time on that horse after he turned 3. He had an extremely bad habit of running out. I couldn't keep him in the middle of the racetrack. I put time and effort in so that I could control him, and I actually got no return for doing it because I never won a stakes on him after that and I lost the mount after the second or third race that year.

But to me the money isn't the important thing. I would do this on a $2,500 claiming horse if I was going to ride him and if I knew he had a bad habit, and if I knew I could win if I could correct it. The amount of money isn't the important thing. Once you hinge things on money you concentrate on stakes and you get lackadaisical about the claiming horses, and I'll never do that. That's how I got where I am. How can I neglect something that made me successful? I'll never do that.

It's easier to ride a stakes horse than it is to ride an ordinary horse, because you can depend on a good horse. He helps you, because he can run and you don't have to tease it out of him or force it out of him. Not all good horses avoid bad habits, but you have the compensation that they have an abundance of ability. Ridan was an example of a horse who could outrun, or cover, his mistakes. He would make a mistake and still win. You had to be exceptionally careful riding Vital Force, who had a habit of trying to run out real badly. Then there was the filly Smart Deb, who had a habit of bolting.

I have to keep reminding myself to ride a mare right. Mares can't stand the punishment that a colt can. There are some exceptions, but as a rule they're a bit more high-strung, a bit more temperamental and more apt to sulk underneath you or refuse to run if you abuse them. I have to keep it in mind when I'm on a filly so that I don't hit her too hard and hurt her chances. In general, I find fillies harder to ride because I'm a hustle-bustle rider and I use strength and I use punishment, and you just can't do that on fillies. Still, I've been on some good ones, including Idun, Royal Native and Princess Turia.

Of course, there's a category of horse that does practically everything right. Pet Bully was exceptionally easy to ride. Bardstown was the same way. They knew what to do. They had good nervous systems and weren't spooky. Gen Duke had as much potential, if not more, than any of these horses, but he never had a chance to prove himself because he was injured before the Kentucky Derby. He beat Bold Ruler in the Florida Derby and would have beaten him in the Flamingo if the other half of our entry, Iron Liege, hadn't bothered us.

As far as the relative importance of races goes, I consider them all equal. The only difference is that there is more publicity and talk about the Kentucky Derby. It has come to people's attention more, and, of course, it's an important race, but there is no special emotion or feeling that comes over me going to the post in the Derby. As far as fame is concerned, sure. I would have to say winning the Derby has given me as much satisfaction as practically anything else in my career. I've won the Derby four times in seven tries and no other rider has won more than four Derbies, with the exception of Arcaro, who has five wins in 21 chances.

I'll tell you one thing: I try to be very careful and pick what I consider a live horse for the Derby. I didn't ride in the Derby in '61 and '63 because I didn't think the horses that were open were that caliber and I just didn't want to waste my time.

My first Derby was in 1956, and I was riding for Calumet Farm. Their first hope, and my choice, was a colt named Pintor Lea, but they ran Fabius as an entry with him. In a race before the Derby, Pintor Lea came down with a quarter crack, I think, and they had to put a bar shoe on him. They were going to use Fabius as a pacemaker to run down all

the speed in the race for Pintor Lea. But when it was a question of whether or not Pintor Lea could even run, Trainer Jimmy Jones gave me my choice of riding whichever one I wanted. And although Pintor Lea was the best, the fact that he was not the soundest horse in the race and that they were taking a chance on even running him at all made me switch from him to Fabius. Fabius was second, beaten three-quarters of a length by Needles. If Pintor Lea had been sound, I would have ridden him, and I think he would have beaten Needles. I know he had beaten Fabius practically every time they met.

The following year, 1957, the Derby was very much of a surprise. Again Calumet was going to run an entry, Gen. Duke and Iron Liege. The morning of the race Jimmy Jones scratched Gen. Duke, and it made all of them pretty sick that he couldn't start in the Derby. Iron Liege had kind of a spotty record. He had ability, but he wouldn't show it every time he raced. I was going to ride Gen. Duke, but now I rode Iron Liege, only because I was there. The main thing was that we went out and won, beating Shoemaker and Gallant Man a nose. Iron Liege ran the best race he ever ran in his life in that Derby. He really tried hard—he absolutely wanted to win.

They talk a lot about Shoemaker pulling up on Gallant Man before the finish, and I don't know whether Shoemaker standing up meant the difference between him getting beat or not, because I don't know Gallant Man. There are two kinds of horses that race. When you raise up at the finish line, they'll do one of two things. They'll either keep going at the same speed for the next sixteenth of a mile or so, or they'll automatically relax. So the only way I would know whether Gallant Man should have won was if I had ridden him, which I never did. If he was the kind of horse that would relax as soon as you raised up on him, then it could have cost him the race. But if he was the kind of horse that was putting out even after you raised up past the wire, then I don't think it made any difference. Of course, they'll be arguing that point for a long time.

In 1958 I was supposed to ride another Calumet horse, the favorite, Tim Tam, who won. But a week before the race I broke my leg and missed the mount on him in both the Derby and Preakness, which he also won. So my next Derby was in 1959, and I was 13th in a 17-horse field on Easy Spur, who was sore in that race. In the Florida Derby that spring Easy Spur had beaten Sword Dancer, who then got beat only a nose in the Kentucky Derby by Tomy Lee. Easy Spur, I thought, was a much better horse than Sword Dancer, but in a prep race before the Derby he pulled up practically lame. The only reason they ran the horse in the Derby was because I was already there and the horse was already there and they took a chance and they just hoped. But, as I say, he was sore and I didn't abuse him.

In 1960 I won again, on Venetian Way. Plenty of people were surprised that Venetian Way won, but it wasn't that big a surprise to me. Tompion was the favorite, but to me Bally Ache was the horse to beat. Bally Ache beat Venetian Way unmercifully in a prep race before the Derby, but that wasn't my horse's best race. I knew that if Venetian Way was in great shape he could win. He *was* in great shape and came back after that beating, and he just aired in the Derby. Venetian Way had a light constitution. He could really run fast, but he just didn't have the endurance to put his good races back to back—which made him unlike Bally Ache. Bally Ache ran practically every week and had a tough campaign as a 2-year-old. He could put forth a good effort every time he raced. Venetian Way was different and didn't ever come back to that Derby form again.

Until we got to Kentucky in '62 I had never ridden Decidedly. I had seen him run second to Sir Gaylord in Florida, but down there he was kind of a green horse. He had a lot of ability but never really showed it. I rode him twice in Kentucky and he was second both times, once to Roman Line and once to Ridan, but in both of those races he just acted like he wasn't putting everything out. After that I asked his trainer, Horatio Luro, to try blinkers on him. I don't know whether the blinkers made the difference or not but he did wear them in the Derby and he did run a helluva race. And he did win, beating both Roman Line and Ridan. He may have just been coming up good anyway, but I felt much better when they put blinkers on him.

Thinking back on the Preakness two weeks later, I just have to believe that Decidedly ran so hard in his Derby that he couldn't build himself back up again for a while. I know it was hot that day in Baltimore, but it was hot for everybody. He broke the track record in the Derby, and I think it took so much out of him that he ran very ordinary in the Preakness.

I rode my next Derby winner in '64, and again this one—Northern Dancer—was trained by Mr. Luro. I don't know what his system is, but I had been riding off and on for Mr. Luro for four years or so and I always found his horses in great shape when I rode them, particularly in the big races. He is a very easy man to work with. When I would explain something to him he would think about it and give it some time. He wouldn't just dismiss it from his mind. If it had merit, he would use the suggestion.

The first time I rode Northern Dancer before the '64 Derby was in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland. From my observation of Northern Dancer, even before that, he was always kind of a speed horse. I mean, he was always up there, one, two or three in all his races, and I think in Canada he was on the lead in the majority of his races, too. I had this on my mind when I went to ride him in the Blue Grass. It was funny that both Mr. Luro and I were thinking the same thing—we wanted to see how he would finish if we tried to rate him as much as possible. Well, in the Blue Grass he went the first three-quarters of a mile in 1:15, but he went the last eighth in 11^{2} s. It was a tremendous move on the part of Northern Dancer, and it showed us that he could be rated. This, I think, really helped us in the Derby, because he actually was now changed from a speed horse to a horse that would come from behind.

The next week in the Derby I was back in sixth place, and that's exactly where I wanted to be. In a race like the Kentucky Derby, a mile and a quarter, you have lots of horses in there that perhaps don't belong, and particularly some that are just speed horses, so it was very enlightening to know that Northern Dancer could be rated. Whether he could win or not was another thing, but I think the fact that I was able to nurse him along the first part of it helped him quite a bit. He might have been able to win on the lead anyway, I don't know, but it was taking less of a chance this way. Hill Rise, I felt, was the horse to beat. I think Mr. Luro felt that, too, and it was just a question of making sure that we got

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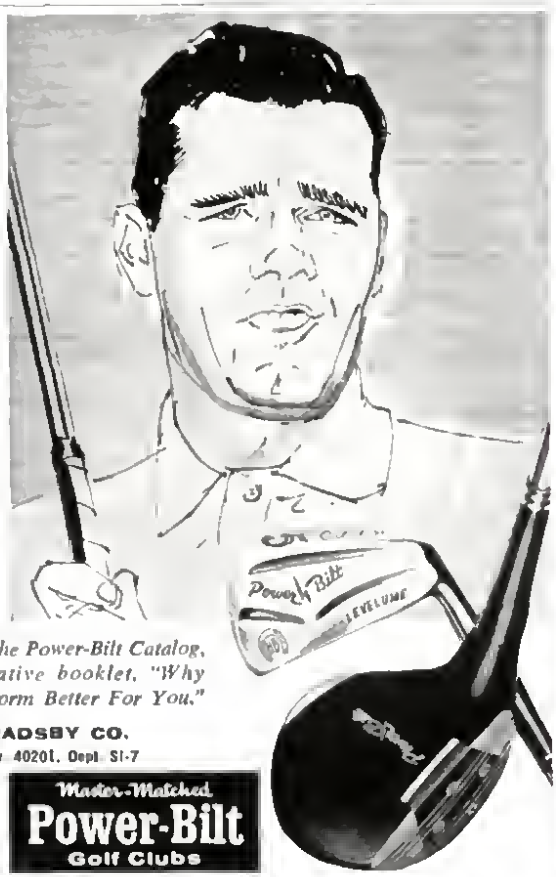


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the jump on him, rather than having him get the jump on us. He had a clear shot at us through the lane, but he just wasn't able to catch us.

Every one of these four Derbies gave me equal satisfaction. The next one is the one that's on your mind the most. I've already got four. I'm thinking about No. 5, if I can get it. I thought I might get it with Bold Lad in '65. The way he won the one-mile Derby Trial so easily and all, I thought he might be any kind of a horse. He couldn't have won that any easier than he did. He just did everything perfectly. But on the way to the post in the Derby, he just didn't feel right to me. It could have been the effects of his spring splint trouble or the calcium deposit that he has on one knee or, as his trainer later pointed out, a sudden fever that might have taken hold of him a few hours before post time. But whatever it was, Bold Lad never ran anywhere near his best, and on this day, certainly, he was never going to beat a colt at the top of his form like Lucky Debonair.

Reporters have asked me on occasion, while referring to periods of slumps that most athletes go through in other sports, what my feeling is about slumps in racing. There is a tendency, and a stupid one, to connect the success of a rider with the ability of his agent. Let me explain. In the first place I haven't seen many good agents, regardless of how many winners their jocks ride. If a jock doesn't have any good mounts an agent isn't going to do anything for him. If an agent gets him on some mounts and he starts winning, he starts getting better mounts. That doesn't mean that the agent is necessarily a good agent, because that's what an agent is getting paid for: to get him mounts. And if a jock can win on them, he puts himself in demand. The agent isn't doing it. The jock, by winning races, *is* doing it. No agent has ever made a jock. If a jock's not in demand, an agent's not going to do anything with him.

Because the press feels like building it up, my relationship with agents has been considered stormy. I don't think it's been stormy at all. I guarantee that in the 15 years I've been riding I've had fewer agents than some of the riders in the top 20. And I guarantee that if I fired my agent tomorrow, it would be all over the racetrack and in every paper in the coun-

continued

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try. Any other rider changes agents—with the exception of Shoemaker or a real top one—and you wouldn't hear anything about it. Because it wouldn't be news—manufactured news, that is. I consider that as long as I'm paying an agent I not only have the right to fire him anytime I want, but I have a right to criticize him if I don't think he's doing his job properly. Two people don't get along and the employer fires the employee. That's such a big deal? I am paying him. He's got 20% of me. I don't have 80% of him.

Some people consider a slump is anytime you're not winning any races. That's stupid. They wouldn't know what a slump was if they saw one. I've seen riders ride as good as they always do, no change at all, and they won't win a race in a month. I don't consider them in a slump. I guarantee you that I can take absolutely the best rider there is and pick out some horses for him to ride for a period of two weeks and he won't win any races. And he'll be considered in a slump. The point is, if he isn't on horses that can run he's automatically got to lose. As for me, when I feel that I'm not at my best, both physically and mentally, I take a vacation. I know before anybody else when my reflexes are off or if I'm going through a mental thing where I'm bugged about something, and then I'll take a week or so off.

It's unfair to make a comparison between a ballplayer hitting badly or not fielding well and a rider not winning any races. A ballplayer is depending solely upon himself. A rider, remember, has to have a horse along with him. The two of us have to come down there together. You don't see a football player drag some other guy with him over the goal line. If he did, and the guy he had to take with him didn't feel too good, do you think he'd score any touchdowns? Or a baseball player—what if he had to drag somebody else around the bases with him?

The premise in horse racing is that for any rider to win races he must have a horse that can run. What he does with that horse is his responsibility. But it's a teamwork thing. Sure, other sports involve teamwork, too. Take a doubles tennis match. Maybe one guy, individually, played better than the other three put together, but he could still be on the losing team if his partner wasn't any good. In a golf foursome you can shoot

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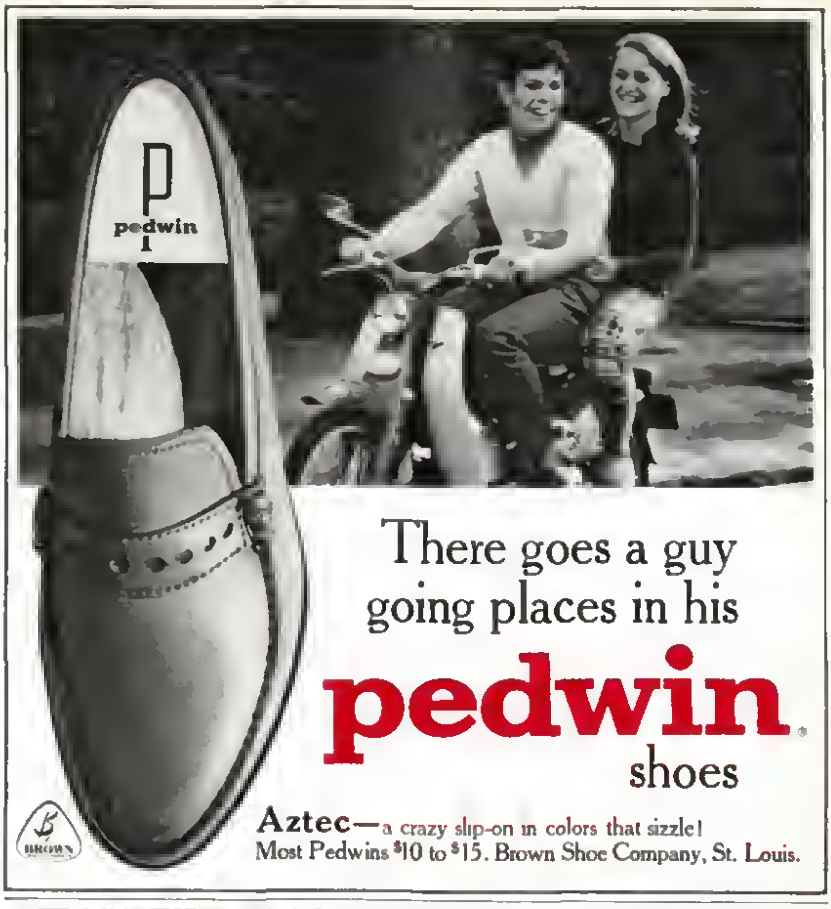
There are so many people a rider is dependent upon that his career is more insecure than that of most professional athletes. I wouldn't say that it's any harder physically than football, because football players take a beating. Fighters take a beating. Baseball players play a tough season, but they are still more dependent on themselves, although naturally there's a certain amount of teamwork involved. I'm talking about when they're running the bases or fielding the ball or when they're up at bat. Then they're on their own. What they show is their own ability, specifically.

Back when I became a jock 15 years ago I didn't like riding because I was insecure. Today, when I think about it, the word "like" is a poor word, because like implies that it's enjoyable and I don't consider this an enjoyable business, because I'm working. It's not a sport to me. It's just the same as if I had to get behind a typewriter and tap out letters for eight hours a day. Now, there are plenty of people who work in offices and you don't consider them enjoying typing. That is their work, their business. When I go to the racetrack, it's just the same as if I was going into an office and work. That's what I have to do.

I don't want anyone to think that I hate it, because I don't hate it. I don't dislike it. I'm doing it for a living. I'm doing it because this is what I'm capable of doing. This is what I'm good at, and this is what I want to do.

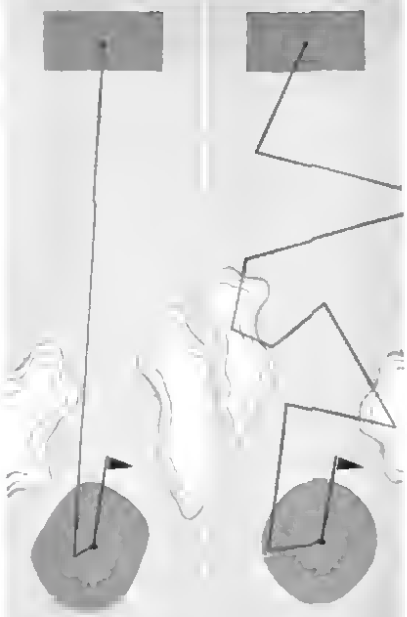
My social life, I think, is much different from that of most jockeys. The majority of them are married. I'm basically a loner. There are very few male friends that I pal around with. Maybe one or two, but I seldom go with a pack of guys, except if I want to play cards. I've always traveled alone or maybe with one other friend, and dated under the same conditions. Oh, I know what girls are. I guess I discovered them when I left home. Socially, I think the greatest thing in the world is to date a girl. This is what counteracts the business side and makes life worth living. I'm not married because I've never found any one girl that I felt I could just absolutely live with for the rest of my life. But I have to have a good social life. I mean, if I wasn't happy socially I

continued





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couldn't possibly get up in the morning and go out to the racetrack and go to work I enjoy the opposite sex, and I enjoy the people that I meet that I accept and that accept me. If I didn't have this, I would have no incentive to work.

I have always thought that a person should always try to make things better The world is progressing, and you have to progress with it I know that racing is a big business, but I think that it isn't progressing as much as it could. There are a whole lot of people's rights that have been infringed upon along the way And not just mine. At the moment, I don't know what I'm going to do when I stop riding or when that will be I've given some thought to going into television as a sports commentator At the same time, I've thought about the possibility of becoming a racing official. But, to tell the truth, I just don't know whether racing is ready for me I would need help to become a competent official, and sometimes I don't think I could possibly get any help. If you don't get any help, you're not going anywhere, because one person doesn't even make a dent. I don't know if I'm capable or whether I'm that much enchanted by the challenge.

When I quit the Jockeys' Guild I said I wasn't ever going to care about these problems again. Now, I wouldn't mind fighting any battle if the outcome would help the whole racing organization. But you're not guaranteed it will help, when the people you have to fight at the top don't want to be progressive or don't even try to act fair

I'm not questioning the stewards' intelligence or the education that they've had, but being intelligent is only half their job The other half is understanding the business of racing itself. I'm not saying that they're not trying to do their best, or that they're not basically honest, but what good is all that if they're wrong? Some stewards are vindictive as hell People talk about *me* being arrogant. I know a couple of stewards who had to be trained the same place as a Gestapo agent, 'cause that's exactly how they act to a rider.

The paper work and bookwork involved in understanding the rules and regulations of racing can be handled by any intelligent person. I don't know all those things, and I would have to learn them. Where the stewards often fail is through a lack of knowledge of the actual horses—and this is a tremendously big part of racing Stewards are entitled to make mistakes. It's no crime to make a mistake—but their crime is that they won't admit it, because they feel that would weaken their position This isn't true. It would only strengthen their position, but you can't get them to see that Authority used this way is not right. Have you ever heard of a rider getting 10 days and then having the 10 days rescinded? You mean to tell me in the whole history of racing that every jock that got 10 days was guilty? You mean to tell me that in all those suspensions the stewards were never wrong? My God! They're not perfect. They had to be wrong once or twice.

I think it's possible for some ex-jocks to become good officials, but you need more than one. Most of them, because they started riding young and there was no reason for them to continue their education, could not handle the bookwork end of an official's job. There's a future for other riders, but it's an uphill battle, because a jock is treated like a jock and he is looked down upon by people in a higher position. Only the exceptional jock will make it, and he will only make it with help.

Today there are still rules in the book that are completely outmoded and really ridiculous For example, there's a rule that a trainer is responsible for his horses 24 hours a day Beautiful rule The only way he can be responsible for them is to put them all in one stall, get in the middle of them and not go to bed as long as he's training them

Now, I must admit that they've kind of eased that rule by the stewards taking into consideration each individual case. One of Hirsch Jacobs' horses once came up positive and he was exonerated I feel that he was rightfully exonerated, because from what I know about Hirsch Jacobs he's an entirely honest guy. I know this The stewards knew it, and that's why they exonerated him

But what happens if a nobody, a guy that's got one or two horses, falls into the same situation? He hasn't got this reputation like Hirsch Jacobs built up. The modification of that rule is helpful, but it still is not right.

Another rule that's completely ridiculous is where a jock gets 10 days for careless riding. Who ever heard of taking

a man's livelihood away from him for 10 days because he tried to win and through carelessness or a slight question of misjudgment he bothered somebody? Maybe my outlook on the whole thing is wrong, but I just can't see an unbiased jury saying that a rider should be deprived of his livelihood because of a careless act. Perhaps for rough riding or dangerous riding, but even that, if it's not obviously committed on purpose, is going to be tough to prove I'd use fines, because a fine is taking money out of his pocket and he's got to work to get it back, which is punishment enough

There's no reason for rules not being uniform. In California you often get five days for carelessness and in Florida and New York you get 10. That isn't very intelligent. When a ballplayer does something wrong, he gets thrown out for one game A jockey is such a criminal he's got to have his livelihood taken away for 10 days? There are cases in baseball where players slugged an official or spit on an official and were suspended for a short time and fined. If a jock did that, he'd get ruled off for a year There's got to be a no-excess-punishment rule in here someplace Take the game of football and unsportsmanlike conduct, which is the same as racing's rough riding. The team gets a 15-yard penalty, but I don't see them taking the man's livelihood away from him. Only if the football player swears at an official or fights is he taken out of the game And it's generally for that one game I got suspended one time for using two swear words, and then the Jockeys' Guild wouldn't represent me in the case I used two swear words and I wrote them an apology for losing my temper But does racing have a right to take my livelihood away from me for 13 days?

There's another rule in racing that's really beautiful, this rule of guilt by association. I don't gamble on horses but, without knowing it, it's perfectly possible that I may be talking to a gambler or an undesirable. I couldn't recognize a bookmaker if I fell over him But I imagine I've talked to some in nightclubs on occasion. They don't, you know, have a sign on their back that says, "I'm a bookmaker." They don't look any different from other people They got two eyes, a nose, a mouth and it's all arranged the same way that ours are And I could be ruled off, railroaded right out of my livelihood as a rider, just for associating, for talking with one bookmaker.

I maintain that if a man is an undesirable, he ought to be in jail someplace. He shouldn't be allowed on the streets to talk to me. If he is allowed on the streets, I have to give him the benefit of the doubt that he's not a criminal I would have to think that, wouldn't you?

Some time ago a reporter came to me and asked, "If you were told to look around for a so-called czar for the sport of racing, as we used to have in baseball —a powerful and influential man like Judge Landis—is there anybody that particularly comes to your mind?" I told him no, that I didn't have anybody in mind, but that such a job could only be properly handled by somebody who knew all the problems of racing He would have to understand owners and breeders, know all about training, all about jockeys' problems, and he would have to be prepared to devote more than an eight-hour day to the job In short, he would have to have a complete in with every facet of racing, and he would have to have the time to judge fairly. He should have a knowledge of the law. I think it would probably take more than one man.

I just couldn't really name any one person among all those I have met in racing But, at the risk of bragging, though I know it's never going to happen, I think I could help this man—whoever he is—a lot. I really do think so

But I'm getting tired of offering my services I'm getting tired of fighting and not accomplishing anything. About my career on the racetrack, I've always maintained whether it's a small race or a big race, there's no honor in riding and losing. There's only honor in winning. About life in general and the future, I don't believe in cycles Naturally, sometimes you're going to go up and sometimes you're going to go down But that doesn't make it a cycle. That's like saying to yourself, "Don't worry, tomorrow will be a better day." Tomorrow's not going to be a better day, unless you make it a better day or attempt to make it a better day. The bus just isn't going to come over and pick you up. You've got to find the station and go get on In this world there's no such thing as just waiting until the next bus comes along Because you may not catch that one either It's not as easy as that. END

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"When I am through skiing," said World Champion Skier **Jean-Claude Killy**, a spectator at the Sebring road race last weekend, "I should like to race cars. First I would go to Carroll Shelby's driving school in California. Then I would race for the world championship." Killy, who wheels down mountainsides at something like 70 mph, drives a battered Mini-Cooper around Val-d'Isère at speeds up to 110 mph. The car will go even faster, he claims, "but the tires will not stay on the ground. If I raced cars though, I would need a *big* car, like a Mustang, but I would not be able to afford to buy one." It was suggested he could get a sponsor. "Who would sponsor me?" he asked. **Carroll Shelby** squinted under the rim of his black cowboy hat and growled, "I've seen this here kid drive. He instinctively takes the right line around a course because of his training as a skier. He likes speed. He'd be a natural. Jawn-Claw Killy—naw, I don't think he'd have any trouble at all finding a sponsor."

At the Kansas-UCLA track meet **Elke Sommer** amazed **Jim Ryun** with her interest (*below*), even though she was not sure what records he holds. Fast becoming a track enthusiast, she is currently working on a movie called *The Wicked Dreams of Paula Schultz*, in which she portrays an East German track star who escapes to West Berlin by pole-vaulting over the Wall (a stand-in—a man in a wig—will do that scene in the film). Elke has been training under UCLA Track Coach Jim Bush, striving for proficiency, as the script demands, at the sprints, hurdles, high jump, discus, shotput and javelin. "Track has become part of my life," she says. After watching Ryun run the 880 at the dual meet she declared, "I have never seen so much grace in any human being. When he took off on the backstretch, it was like a beautiful animal running. It was a composition of muscles, strength and grace." "She knows quite a lot about track," Ryun said.



British Prime Minister **Harold Wilson** was caught in a crossfire of debris and bottles during a soccer riot two weekends ago on a pitch named the Lion's Den in Millwall. But the demonstrations, which included chants of "Gestapo, Gestapo" directed at the chairman of the Millwall club, which had just lost to Huddersfield, did not seem to upset Wilson—he has always been a Huddersfield fan. The team has won every game he has attended. "The Prime Minister," says the manager of Huddersfield, "has become a bit of a mascot."

Another Louisville sponsoring group is being formed—Cassius Clay's having been disbanded—and until last week the businessmen involved planned on naming themselves Nothing But Winners, Inc. In their sporting stable are Lightweight Boxer Marcus Anderson (with a 7-0 record, including six wins by knockouts), rookie LPGA Golfer Mary Lou Danielanda 2-year-old colt named Pee Wee Reese. The other day clockers at Florida Downs picked the namesake of the onetime Dodger shortstop to win his first start. But the colt, whom **Pee Wee Reese** chose personally to bear his name, was running a fever by racetime and never made it to the paddock. Meanwhile Mary Lou was finishing in a tie for 20th in the Louise Suggs Invitational. At last word, Marcus Anderson was still unbeaten, but the attorney for Nothing But Winners said that the group might not be incorporated after all, at least not under that name.

When it comes to boats no one will ever be able to call him a bush leaguer. **Gussie Busch**, St. Louis beer and baseball boss, has taken delivery of a new $700,000 German yacht (*above*). The 119-foot craft is moored in St. Petersburg, Fla alongside his 84-foot motor cruiser and his 41-foot Rybovitch. A team of interior decorators has furnished the 19-by-22-foot main saloon, the 19-by-12-foot master bedroom and the 14-by-12-foot dining room of the new boat with Louis XVI chairs, shirred silk panels and Tuscan-finished cherry cabinets. A pineapple, the symbol of hospitality, has been woven in gold into the sea-green carpet.



Members should be forewarned that the traffic on Tehran's royal golf course will be heavier next month. The Shah of Iran's brother, **Prince Mahmoud Reza Pahlevi**, recently paid a visit to H. R. Owen Ltd. of Berkeley Street, London, the second-largest Rolls-Royce dealer in the world, putting the shop salesmen on a Silver Cloud of anticipation. But instead of buying a $15,000 Rolls, Prince Mahmoud ordered a $980 Mini-moke, a kind of miniature Land Rover. It is to be used as a caddie car on the royal golf course, the prince explained. "We haven't heard of a Mini-moke being used on a golf course before," said an Owen company official, "but we don't suppose it matters if you own the course."

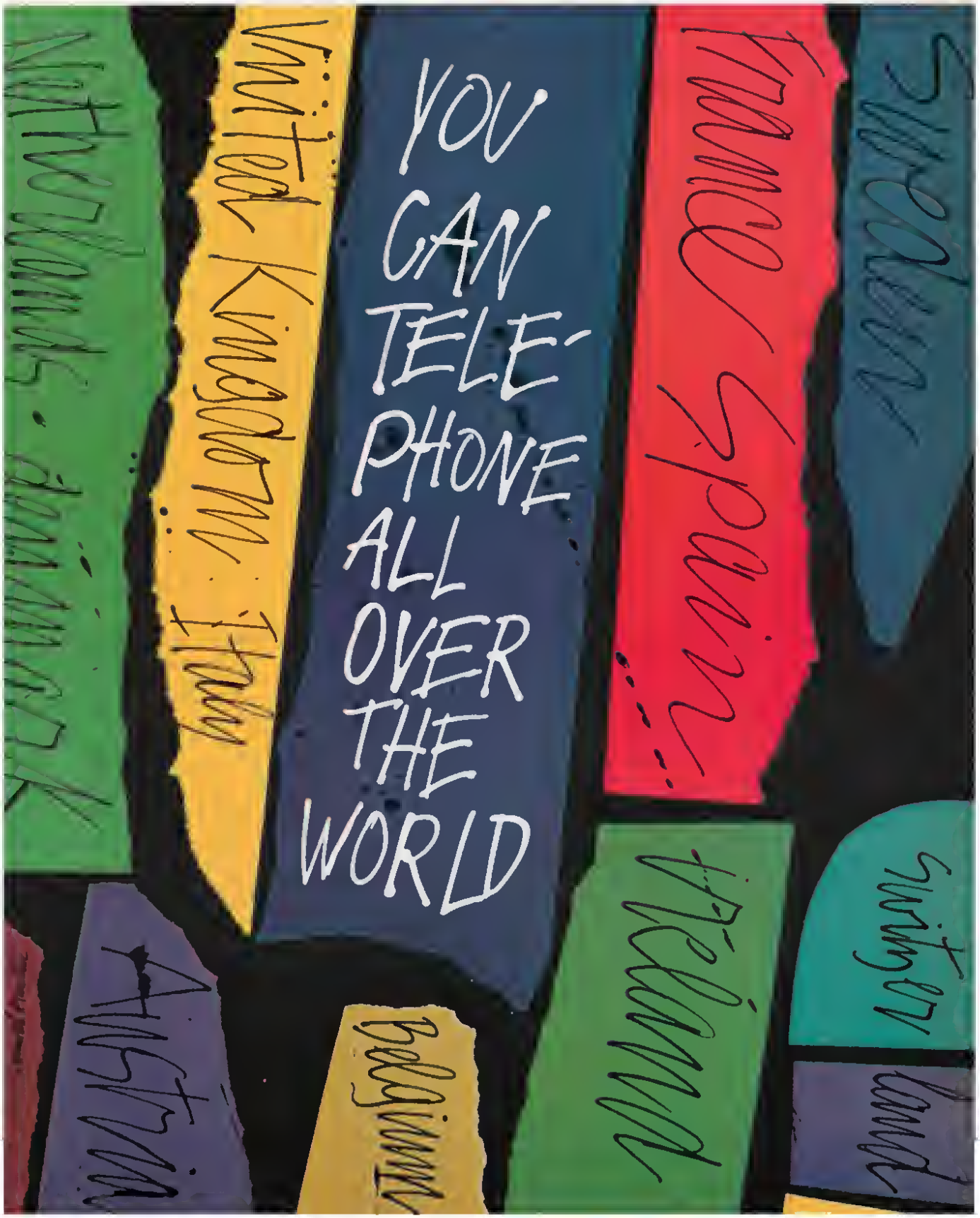
Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Actress **Ann-Margret** has decided to stick to her gold-plated golf cart. Last week she broke her one-year engagement to Actor Roger Smith. Back to Smith went his $12,000 diamond ring, but unreturned was the golf cart he had given her as, well, as a kind of Mini-moke to get about the studio lot.

At the end of the 1965 season **Wally Moon**, the Dodgers' outfielder, left the big leagues and headed back to the Ozarks, where he was raised. "It was a drastic change, going from Los Angeles to Siloam Springs, Ark. [pop. 4,774]," Moon said recently, "but it was a calculated change. When I was young I loved to hunt and fish. I wanted to do that again. And I wanted to teach. I had always planned on that." Moon, who has a masters degree from Texas A&M, has mastered his plan. In Siloam Springs he has found catfish, quail, wild turkey, squirrel and a job downtown teaching and coaching baseball at John Brown University.

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(Upper Left) **Hal Joseph** plays it cool with the Master's Cap—one size fits all. With Arnie's umbrella insignia. A blend of Kodel polyester and Avril® rayon. Choice of 14 colors. Made to sell for about $4.

(Upper Middle & Upper Right) **Robert Bruce** suggests that all-time favorite, the easy-swinging knit shirt for golfers from nine to ninety. Now with the plus of durable-press neatness in an easy-care blend of Kodel polyester and cotton. All shirts have Arnie's umbrella emblem. Boys' sizes 8-20 in eight colors. About $3.50. Men's sizes S-M-L-XL in a dozen colors. About $5.

(Lower Left). **Windbreaker** shows you how to stay neat in this durable-press poplin golf jacket in a crisp blend of Kodel polyester and Avril rayon. Sizes 36-50 Reg., 38-50 Long. Ten colors. About $20.

(Lower Middle) **Sunstate** features the long-lasting freshness of Kodel polyester and Avril rayon, in poplin weave durable-press slacks. Belted model with umbrella buckle, tee pocket and towel loop. In 12 colors. Sizes 28-44. About $12 (slightly higher on the West Coast). Walk shorts also available.

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FOR THE ALL-PRO LOOK



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

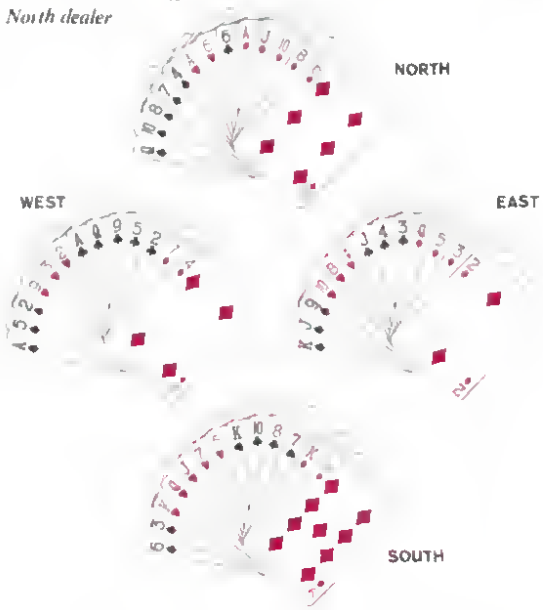


A cataclysm at the Cavendish Club

It is a fine thing, of course, for various sports and arts to set up Halls of Fame for their heroes. However, I think a lot of us are just as interested in antiheroes, those who could only be commemorated in a Chamber of Horrors. I have a nomination for the Bridge Chamber of Horrors, although, truth to tell, it is already frightfully crowded.

The scene was the "big game" at New York's Cavendish Club, renowned gathering place for the world's bridge masters. Tact prevents me from giving you the name of the man sitting West. Suffice it to say that you would recognize him as a famous U.S. player. As if what transpired was not gruesome enough, it happened that West's partner was a woman—also an expert—who is not noted for amiability.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	3 ♣	DOUBLE
3 ♦	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 5 of clubs

As an initial footnote to this auction, let me say that most of the bidding was done by the least expert player in the game. Obviously, I am referring to South. His first response of two hearts was eminently correct, but his three-club bid was fatuous, because two no trump was the indicated action. And his redouble of three no trump was an obvious case of trying to bite back at a buzzsaw, especially since the club bid had been doubled by West. South was clearly in serious trouble.

East's double called for West to lead his own suit (in this situation, West's earlier double of clubs was the equivalent of bidding clubs), so West opened his fourth-highest club. Declarer captured East's jack with the king, studied the dummy for a few seconds and evidently concluded that it would be cowardly to quickly take eight tricks and gracefully accept a one-trick, 400-point loss. Instead, he decided to play for the glory of it and made a suicidal move. He led the 9 of diamonds and let it ride.

East won the trick with the queen and returned the 4 of clubs. West topped South's 8 with the 9, but at this critical juncture he fell victim to a fixation. He decided that South had started with a five-card club suit, and then he became convinced that East had the diamond king. So he led his remaining diamond. The result was a catastrophe. Declarer ran off four diamonds and five hearts. Instead of going down four tricks redoubled, a crushing loss of 2,200 points. South was able to make the contract with an overtrick for a plus score of 1,350.

Swings of 3,550 points—at a very substantial stake—are not laughed off by bridge experts, and the lady in the East position was definitely not the laughing type. Nor tongue-tied! Moreover, although I deplore volubility in women, let alone explosiveness, I really could not blame her. It did seem that West might have resisted his notion about the diamond king long enough, at least, to lay down the ace of spades and see what card his partner would play on that trick. With East producing the 9 of spades, it would have become routine for West to cash his two top clubs, planning next to lead a spade. Lo and behold, West would find that he could also cash his last club, South having done his bidding on only a four-card club suit. Then East's two spade tricks would furnish the seventh and eighth tricks for the defense. The uproar at the Cavendish was almost as memorable as the hand itself. **END**



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Gypsy Joe: fire and music and miniculture

Joe Harris burst upon New York—and welterweight king Curtis Cokes—like an infant Muhammad Ali. He danced and feinted and landed just often enough to win a fight his opponent was having little part of

His name is Gypsy Joe Harris, and he should be, it seems, in some toy window, along with Bellcycle Rabbit and Bruno, The Spectacle Bear. He is 5′ 5″, his legs are bowed, his stomach protrudes, and the head, shaven and like an old, scuffed marble, belongs to some 20th Century-Fox Mongolian warrior. Call him boxing's contribution to miniculture. Last week he crashed into Madison Square Garden like a wrecker's steel ball.

Gypsy's opponent in his first New York appearance, an over-the-weight nontitle bout, was Curtis Cokes, fighting for the second time in New York. Cokes is the welterweight champion, but hardly anyone really believes this except the World Boxing Association, an organization equally unbelievable. Nobody gave Cokes much of a chance against Harris, either—not even Cokes, a laconic, inconspicuous gentleman from Dallas who does not inspire thunderclapping flack.

"I know if I don't knock him out," he said before the fight, "I don't win."

He was right. Harris, whose name and abilities were trumpeted louder than those of any newcomer to New York in years, unanimously decisioned Cokes for his 17th straight victory, but the fight seemed much closer than most of those present concluded. True, Harris was the aggressor t"If he don't make the fight they got to fumigate the joint," said one observer), but Cokes was a neat technician at times—that is, if you were careful to watch him. Gypsy's style dominates any fight.

There has never been a style like Gypsy's. It is all fire and music. Rockin' music. It comes at you from off the wall, even from the moment he steps into the ring, a black hood over his head, a three-quarter-length, double-breasted, red-satin jacket with a black bow on the back as his robe. That alone, at least in Philadelphia, is enough to break up a place, but there is much more to come when he sheds the robe.

His punches pile out from all angles, and they are thrown from any position. He is a machine gun and a jester, with a Chaplinesque walk and the brass of a pickpocket. Frequently, with his arms dangling by his sides, he gives you his chin to hit, and sometimes, in a corner, he will hold the rope with one hand and keep cracking you with the other.

"I don't make plans," he says. "I just fight. The guys I fight don't know what I'm gonna do next, because I don't know what I'm doing."

Against Cokes, Harris was a bit more subdued than he generally is, but he did take enormous risks, rolling in with his arms folded by his chest and his chin stuck out. He wanted Cokes to bang him, to flurry with him, but the champion declined. Instead Cokes stayed outside, pawing at Harris with soft jabs and rocking him with good right hands. Harris caught more solid shots than anybody would admit.

It was obvious that Cokes was the more effective puncher in the light. In two of the major wars, corner fighting in the eighth and 10th rounds, Cokes dealt out the most punishment. But in the end Cokes beat himself. He simply did not fight enough. He was beaten by a performer who reminds you of a ball club that knocks you over with slow rollers, bunts and pop flies that nobody can reach. Gypsy, despite a sharp, dam-

continued



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aging left hook that was on target throughout Friday night's fight, is not a devastating puncher. He depends on volume to mark you up. He is an animal in the ring, and he has to be handled like one. Had Cokes been less timorous, he might have had his knockout, and nobody would be wondering still who the welterweight champion is.

The question now is where is Gypsy going?

Gypsy Joe Harris is a Philadelphia fighter. Professionally, that means he is a savage who would fight you if you had a whip in your hand. Historically, that means his future, his chance for greatness, is suspect.

Always they come out of Philadelphia with the same equipment, great heart and a sweet purity of skill. Somewhere they lose it—quickly. They lose it in the gyms, where wars are fought every day. Nobody just spars in a Philadelphia gym. He fights, and each victory, because of the bitter competitiveness between boxers, trainers and managers, seems to become more important than an official success, say, in Washington or Baltimore. No one knows how many careers have been left behind in these dark holes jammed with desperate kids.

"All these kids, they're animals," says Peg Leg Bates, a manager and trainer. "They got to be, if they wanna survive here. That's why I just don't take any old boy. When a boy comes around here and says he wants to fight, I do some checkin'. I go 'round to their homes, and if the mother and father is livin' and the house is kinda neat, you know, then I tell him, no, I'm not gonna let him fight. If he ain't livin' with nobody but a relative who don't care and the house is lookin' like it oughta be torn down, then I say, yeah, boy, you can be a fighter."

The Philadelphia fighter, if he survives the gyms, often gets whipped by the night. The good fighter gets respect in the neighborhoods, but if he is very, very good he becomes a badge the hustlers wear on their lapels, and soon the night, with all its throbbing music and cooing foxes, is calling. This is the route many of them have taken in Philadelphia. The world, success, begins and ends in Philadelphia.

"They don't do no listenin' down here," says one trainer. "You try tellin' 'em what's out there waiting for 'em, but all they ever hearin' is that rockin'

music and everybody tellin' 'em what big men they are."

Gypsy Joe isn't going to leave it all behind in any gym. He does not like the gym, or the loneliness of training. He prefers the action around Columbia and Ridge, where the race riots once occurred. One time when he became suspicious that Joe Frazier, his stablemate, who was training for a heavyweight fight with Doug Jones in Atlantic City, was receiving more attention than he was, Harris begged his trainer, Willie Reddish, to allow him to go to Atlantic City to train, too.

"He begged me," says Reddish, "but he didn't have to. I wanted to get him out of that neighborhood, anyway."

"That's right," says Yank Durham, his cotrainer, "and then when he got to Atlantic City he's sick all the time. I know what he's sick for, though. He was sick for Columbia and Ridge. He didn't like it in camp. Too quiet. He had to work, too. Joe, he didn't want to wash dishes or anything. He's a star, he say. He can't eat in camp, either. Like in the city, you see him walkin' around with his pockets bulgin' with candy."

Durham and Reddish, although they laugh most of the time, know they have their hands full, but they cannot do much about it. Gypsy lives the way he fights: cool it and don't get all strung out over fighting or living. "We do the best we can with him," says Reddish, scratching his head. "Only way you keep him in a gym is put one of those big, old German shepherds by the door. He ain't gonna do no movin' then." Willie was smiling, but the Garden wasn't when Gypsy disappeared for three days at one point during his training for the Cokes fight.

"Where were you?" Gypsy was asked.

"Around," he said.

"Around where?"

"Anywhere the wild goose flies," he said, tugging at his checkered cap, which hung over one eye.

"Where's the party after you win?" somebody asked.

"Ain't gonna be no party, man," he said. "This ain't my town. I'm from Philadelphia. I don't belong here."

He does now, but he just does not know it. He is the biggest thing to hit New York and the Garden in a long time. He is a natural in the ring and at the box office, and the Garden is not apt to let him stray far. One hopes that he is not just a *natural* Philadelphia fighter. **END**



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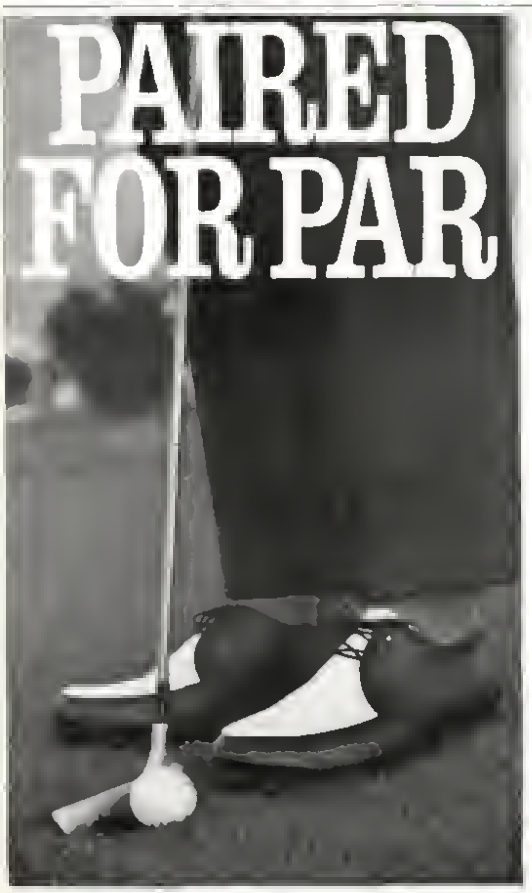
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HOCKEY / *Eric Whitehead*

No Red Guard in Vienna

The U.S. had a goalie to remember, Canada had a goal to forget and Russia was the winner once again

Vienna last week provided an emotional backdrop for the 34th world ice hockey championship, a title regarded with kindly tolerance by the National Hockey League but considered little less than holy in hockey-mad continental Europe. A total of 235,000 fans filled the spacious Vienna Stadthalle for the 12-day tournament during which Russia reemphasized its world supremacy, a surprising U.S. team all but upset the balance of power traditionally shared by the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, Sweden and Canada, and, as usual, the fans became part of the show.

The crowd was largely Viennese, but there were contingents from all over Europe and even from Canada, and in no case were ideological preferences kept hidden. On the ninth day of the event, for instance, the East German team beat the West Germans in a private duel for last place in the A group. At game's end there was the traditional ceremony —both teams stood and saluted as the victors' flag was hoisted and the anthem played. There was both historical significance and riot potential in the moment, since never before had any team from the West side of the Wall paid such formal homage to the East. To the relief of uneasy officials, however, the West German athletes sportingly played their assigned role. But a mob in the stands rose practically en masse to boo, hoot and whistle its disapproval.

A day earlier an angry crowd had demonstrated after Czechoslovakia's 1–1 tie with Canada. Two Canadian goals had been disallowed, and even the Austrian press joined in the furious blast at the officials. Finally, there was the unsubtle incident that occurred at the teams' hotel after the Russians defeated Canada to clinch the championship. Fans jammed the lobby to applaud the

losers as they returned, the arrival of the victorious Russians shortly afterward was greeted with silence.

Through all of this the U S team was receiving somewhat neutral treatment, perhaps because it was not supposed to play any significant role in the battle among the top four teams. But the Americans, led by a heroic goalie named Carl Wetzel, refused to be ignored. On the first day they stunned Sweden 4-3. They then lost to Russia 7-2, and to Czechoslovakia 8-3 in a wild game in which Wetzel gashed his head, finished in a blood-soaked bandage, and made an astonishing 75 saves. And then the U S. held Canada very well before losing 2-1. In the end the Americans were able to finish fifth among the eight A group clubs with a 3-3-1 record. Their performance earned them automatic entry into next year's Winter Olympic Games, and Wetzel was named goalie on the tournament's All-Star team.

The Canadians' narrow escape against the U S. set up their expected stretch battle with the Russians, while the Czechs and Swedes could merely fight to stay close. After six games, only Canada and Russia were unbeaten, although the Canadian record was marred by that stormy tie with Czechoslovakia. The championship was now to be decided in the head-on meeting between the unbeaten teams. A Russian victory would give the strong, superbly conditioned Red machine its fifth straight world title. A win for the Canadians would leave only Sweden in the way of their first championship since 1961.

The Canadians wanted it badly, for this was to be the year of their return to power. Father David Bauer, a quiet 42-year-old Vancouver priest, had planned it that way. The younger brother of a former Boston Bruin star, Bobby Bauer, he had turned down a possible NHL career to enter the priesthood. Six years ago, disturbed by the Soviet takeover of amateur hockey, which Canada had long dominated, Father Bauer developed a new concept for preparing a national team. Last year he stepped down as coach and handed the team over to a young ex-pro from Saskatchewan, Jackie McLeod, but he stayed on as an active adviser.

Part of Bauer's advice was to get former Toronto Maple Leaf Defenseman Carl Brewer reinstated as an amateur so that he could play for the Nationals.

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Brewer, an enigmatic young man who walked out on a $28,000-a-year job with the Leafs last fall after a dispute with Coach Punch Imlach, was willing, but Imlach and other NHL officials were not. Finally, bowing to strong political pressures, the pro league reluctantly made Brewer available to the amateurs.

The three-time NHL All-Star added a dash of mature leadership and a lot of muscle to a team made up predominantly of college boys. When the Canadians arrived in Vienna, Father Bauer said, "I've never said it at any time over the past five years, but this time I really feel we can beat the Russians."

For the first period of their clash, it appeared that the priest might be right. The team from Russia—six of the players were from the Soviet army, the others from various Moscow clubs—was led by such veterans as Vyacheslav Starshinov, Anatoli Firsov and Boris Mayorov. They were presumed to be unflappable, but the Canadians came out with a furious checking game clearly designed to rattle their foes, who believe in precise, pattern play. Break up the patterns, some said, and you have a chance, for the Russians have not learned how to improvise.

Getting inspired play from a squad that came into the game suffering from three key injuries, Canada did check the Russians into a state of visible frustration. At the 5:35 mark Fran Huck, the smallest man on the ice at 165 pounds, took a pass from Brewer and deftly slipped the puck into the Russian net. Shaken and confused, the Russians appeared to be in trouble until midway in the second period, when they got the biggest break of the tournament. Firsov, top scorer in the competition, skated toward the Canadian goal, stopped about 25 feet away and lofted a high, lazy shot. The puck seemed to be going harmlessly over Goalie Seth Martin's head when Canadian Defenseman Barry MacKenzie reached for it with his glove. The puck was deflected down and over the startled Martin's shoulder into the net.

Red flags rose in the stands, the Russians on the ice went wild, and from that moment on there was no stopping them. The final blow to the deflated Canadians came just two minutes later when Brewer left the ice with a badly cut eye. He returned after some repair work but was far less effective. The Russians began to dominate the action and broke through with the winning goal at 10:36 of the third period, as Starshinov punched in a rebound of a shot by Mayorov.

After the triumph, Soviet Coach Arkadi Cherishnov sent a wire to his government in Moscow: "We have fulfilled our promise of victory for the 50th birthday of our Soviet Republic."

There was a prompt return wire of congratulations from Premier Kosygin inviting the team to a state banquet in the Kremlin. Asked how large a public demonstration would greet the victors' homecoming, Cherishnov pondered for a moment and said, "It will be perhaps just a little bit—just a little bit—less than for the return of the cosmonauts." **END**



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In Reality shows that he's for real



Continuing to race consistently, Sunshine Calvert's colt allowed himself to be rated, then drew away (right) in Florida's Derby

Less than two minutes after the gate was sprung at the Florida Derby last week, the whole 3-year-old scene in general, and the Kentucky Derby picture in particular, had changed again. Change has become routine in this season, already complicated by untimely injuries, puzzling sicknesses and a good deal of awful weather. Saturday's race proved that Reflected Glory, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Flamingo winner, can be beaten at nine furlongs. His licking was soundly administered by Mrs. Frances A. Genter's amazingly consistent In Reality (SI, Jan. 30), who beat him by eight and a half lengths with no nonsense about it. In fact, Reflected Glory finished a dismal seventh, a nose behind sixth-place Tumble Wind, while up ahead of the pair of them and behind In Reality were Biller, Reason to Hail, Proviso and Gentleman James.

Tumble Wind came to Florida after establishing himself as the second-best colt based in California—behind Ruken. Does his poor showing in the Florida Derby mean that Ruken, who had beaten Tumble Wind by only a length and a half in the Santa Anita Derby, is to be counted out as a Kentucky Derby threat? Not necessarily. Tumble Wind never looked like a colt who wanted to go much of a distance, but Ruken is a come-from-behind finisher who gets up a head of steam at the 16th pole. That guarantees trouble for all the colts seen in the Florida Derby, and, perhaps, for Damascus, impressive winner of the Bay Shore at Aqueduct.

Reflected Glory's loss came as a distinct surprise to the crowd of 23,980 which had made him (along with his stablemate, Reason to Hail) the 7-to-10 favorite. But In Reality was hardly a sleeper. "He's really consistent and a whale of a competitor," says Trainer Sunshine Calvert, and the record bears that out. In 12 lifetime starts In Reality has been first or second 11 times. This year he has won three out of five and placed in the other two—behind Reflected Glory in the Flamingo and Biller in the Florida Breeders Handicap, when he gave away 13 pounds to the winner. "In fact," says Calvert, "the only vaguely disappointing race In Reality has ever run was in last fall's Garden State, when he was fourth to Successor, Bold Hour and Proviso. I thought he'd be in the first three that day instead of being beaten by over nine lengths. But this year he more than made up for that. Actually, one of his best races was the Flamingo, when he lost to Reflected Glory. He set nearly all the pace that day, and was pushed all the way by Bold Monarch. I knew then that we had a chance in the Florida Derby."

Before the race last week ex-Jockey Calvert tried to gain an advantage for his horse. He shipped over from Hialeah to Gulfstream on Monday, and exercised his colt regularly on the Gulfstream track, where he had won the Fountain of Youth Stakes the previous week. Hirsch Jacobs, on the other hand, vanned Reflected Glory over from Hialeah only hours before post time, when the colt stepped on the track it was for the first time in his life. That might not have made any difference in the outcome, but it is a possibility. Before the race, Trainer Eddie Neloy, whose Great Power finished eighth, was asked if he felt that Reflected Glory was the horse to beat. "He looked awfully good at Flamingo time," said Neloy, "but who knows if he'll carry his form from Hialeah to Gulfstream? After all, he didn't have that great form *before* he got to Hialeah, did he?" At the same time Neloy, along with most of the other trainers in the Florida Derby, figured they had a good shot at the race themselves. "When Great Power was

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beaten in the Fountain of Youth here a week or so ago," Neloy said, "he got the lead and then tired. I thought he was fit enough not to tire. But Baeza said it would do him a lot of good. I hope he's right." Said Ogden Phipps, whose mother owns Great Power, "He may look great, but I have my doubts about his wanting to go a distance." On Florida Derby day, at least, Phipps—not Baeza—was right.

Neither Tumble Wind's trainer, Charlie Whittingham, nor his rider, Bill Shoemaker, wanted to set the pace in this race. But, as Shoe put it, "Everyone seemed to take back at the break, and that put me on the lead. He was running easy enough, but he couldn't hang on beyond the quarter pole. From there home he weakened badly. I never thought he was a distance horse, and now I know it."

While Shoemaker and Tumble Wind were setting the early pace on a track somewhat dull and against 25-mile-per-hour headwinds on the backstretch, In Reality was biding his time. Great Power was second, followed by Biller (who ran a very good race on his own). At the half-mile pole Jockey Earlie Fires moved In Reality up from fourth to second, and the race was pretty much settled right there. Riding with a coolness not always associated with one so young—Fires, out of Lepanto, Ark., turned 20 on March 19—the winner made his big move going into the far turn. "I didn't want to move that soon," Fires sheepishly admitted later, "but my saddle was starting to slip and I thought I better get with it before the saddle and I both went clear over my horse's head." They took the lead from Tumble Wind just beyond the quarter pole, and by the eighth pole they were a length and a half in front of Biller (giving Florida-breds a one-two finish). The winning margin was two and a half lengths at the wire. Biller held on to beat Reason to Hail by a neck for second money. More than three lengths back was Proviso, who uncorked a good late run after a bad start.

Reflected Glory ran along in eighth



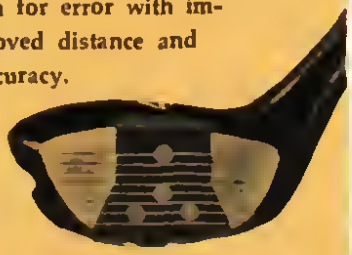
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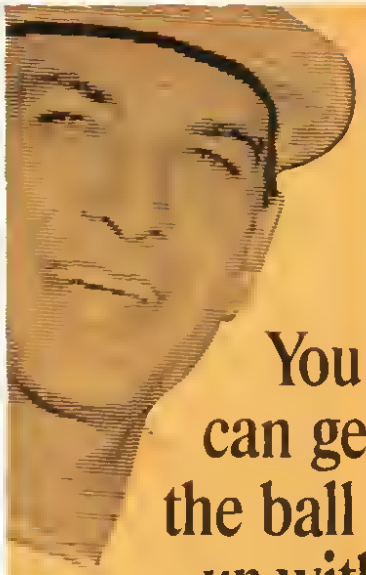
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place most of the way, not as far back as is his custom. But when everyone was expecting him to make his usual circling move, around the three-eighths pole, nothing happened at all. Jockey Jorge Velasquez used the feeble excuse that Reflected Glory had not liked the track and then suggested that the result might have been different had he and the Flamingo winner worked out at Gulfstream earlier in the week. Gulfstream's sandy strip may have been slightly duller than Hialeah's was on March 3, and the Florida Derby's time of 1:50⅕ was a far cry from Reflected Glory's 1:48⅗ Flamingo. But Trainer Hirsch Jacobs has never been one to make excuses. "He's kicking up and should do all right," he said of Reflected Glory before the race. When it was suggested that the colt might have been at a disadvantage by not shipping earlier, Jacobs said, "Good horses should run good anywhere."

Now that the Florida 3-year-old season is over, most of the good horses—and a few not so good—will move on to Kentucky. The Jacobs pair will go to Aqueduct for a possible shot at the April 22 Wood Memorial. In that race they should meet Damascus, Successor and Dr. Fager. Already heading for Keeneland and the April 27th Blue Grass Stakes is Ruken, and he may be joined later at Churchill Downs by one or two of the top finishers of the April 22 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields. Two in that race who may be worthy of the trip are Rimal, a full brother to Drin, and Jungle Road, handled by an "apprentice" trainer named Johnny Longden.

And what about In Reality, who never seems to run a bad race? Mrs. Frances Genter, the Minneapolis sportswoman who has been in racing in a minor way for about 25 years and now has five horses with Sunshine Calvert, says tactfully, "We'll take it day by day. But the final decision, we all know, will be up to Sunshine." Jockey Earlie Fires, naturally, would like nothing better than to go back to Churchill Downs, where in his first Kentucky Derby last May he brought a 17-to-1 field horse, Blue Skyer, home third, beaten by only half a length and a nose by Kauai King and Advocator. "If In Reality can come off the pace as effortlessly as he did today," said Fires, "I don't know why he couldn't do it at a mile and a quarter. I'd sure like to try him up there." END



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Maxfli
BY DUNLOP

Over 30 is over the hill

The biggest payday on the pro tour—Akron's $100,000 Tournement of Champions—turned into a grab bag for the new crop of wonder kids

There was so much noise at Riviera Lanes in Akron last week you could hear it clear out on Market Street. The Firestone company was staging its annual Tournament of Champions, worth $100,000 in prize money, and that alone was enough to make the left-handers insist that the lanes favored the righties, and vice versa. There was also the usual boast that, even though bowling is definitely not competing with golf, isn't it just wonderful that every time the two meet head to head on television, bowling comes out with a 2-to-1 edge in the Nielsens. But, of course, the loudest noise of all was that of pins crashing and, as has become the trend for the past several years, most of it was caused by a corps of new young faces that has many of the old pros scurrying for cover.

When the Firestone tournament was over late Saturday afternoon one of the newest and youngest faces of all, that of Jim Stefanich, 25, of Joliet, Ill., wore the biggest grin, while his swollen right hand gripped the winner's check of $25,000. Stefanich edged out Don Johnson, 26, in a special playoff after the two had tied 227-all in a one-game final for first place. Johnson won $12,500 for finishing second, while Jack Biondolillo, also 26, picked up a bonus $10,000 for a 300 game, plus $6,500 more for finishing third.

The Firestone is rapidly becoming the Masters of bowling, but its main contribution may be a mass exposition of the young talent that is flowing into professional bowling every year. Last year's tournament was won by Wayne Zahn, then only 25, who went on to become the pro circuit's leading money winner, with almost $55,000 in earnings. The year before it was a 23-year-old named Billy Hardwick. These youthful victories underline the fact that the old days of bowling are gone, those days when the game's meager pots were monopolized by a seasoned few. The fact that the pots are growing bigger each year ($47,000 in total prize money in 1959, $1.5 million in 1967) has more than a little to do with the fact that the nation's bowlers—all 40 million of them—are getting better younger. Now, instead of staying home to watch Don Carter or Dick Weber or Carmen Salvino on TV, the best are brashly stepping onto the next lane and, in many cases, matching the established pros strike for strike.

"I had to drop out of college a few years ago," admits Stefanich, who has already won $27,050 in 1967. "I just couldn't afford to let studying interfere with my bowling." Of the 48 contestants in the Firestone, many belonged in the



STEFANICH DISPLAYS HIS $25,000 FORM

same general category. Dressed in colorful Banlons, creased pants and shiny shoes, they are the bright, articulate young men who are driving the big cars, bowling in the big tournaments and, in general, having a ball from coast to coast. Of the top 20 money winners in the Professional Bowlers Association this year, 12 are 27 years of age or younger. Lean, left-handed Dave Davis of Phoenix, Ariz., is only 24, but he has had no difficulty at all supporting a wife and 7-month-old baby daughter, even though it's only April, he has already racked up $30,000. Zahn, from Atlanta, went into the Firestone as the PBA's fourth best money winner with $12,155, and Tim Harahan, only 20, of Encino, Calif., was right behind him with $11,960. Mike Durbin, 24, of Costa Mesa, Calif., was to hit his stride in Akron, finishing fourth and boosting his earnings to $14,075. Others, like Barry Asher, 20, of Los Angeles, and Nelson Burton Jr., 24, of St. Louis, were there, too, as was 21-year-old Jim Godman of Oakland.

This steady influx of new blood is not exactly cheered by the older, established pros—but there is little they can do about it. The newcomers are talented and smart, and they have benefited tremendously from the game's growing popularity. The junior league, a program for teen-agers, is now flourishing throughout the country. An increasing number of communities offer bowling as an alternate to Little League baseball. By the time a young player turns pro, he is already apt to understand the finer points of the game. The older pros shudder at the thought.

"The trouble is, you never really know what they're capable of," muttered one of them last week. "They're liable to shoot a flock of 180s and then, just when they get around to you, bust out with a 275 or something. At least with the older guys you pretty well know what to expect."

Davis, who is as typical of the new breed as any, recalls his reception when he broke in on the tour four years ago. "It was cold," he says, "very cold. Oh, the older guys were nice enough—they'd say, 'Good luck,' before a match and 'Nice bowling,' afterward, but that's usually as far as they went." Since then Davis has become an accepted mem-

continued



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her of the PBA, claiming $88,000 in earnings against the best of competition. Even so, he feels the tension before every major tournament and, he admits, that is exactly why he failed in the Firestone. "I just locked up, that's all," he said.

Pressure is the lone factor the older pros count on in big-money matches against the youngsters. Dick Weber, a superstar at 37 and twice runner-up in the Firestone, was hoping it would affect Stefanich before it was too late, and, indeed, late in the week Stefanich was showing the strain. A handsome man, with hazel eyes and white, even teeth, Stefanich had seen his streak of games with a score of 200 or better end at 37—a world record. His face drawn, he said, "I could *really* feel it out there today. My legs were getting weak and my hand seemed to be losing its snap. This is a long grind, and the pressure can be unbelievable at times. I still haven't committed myself to a lifetime of bowling, but the money is so good I've got to give it a shot."

Many of the young bowlers cut short what might have been successful careers in other sports—golf, baseball and basketball—to concentrate on bowling. Stefanich, for example, is a scratch golfer, and until last week he was seriously considering the sport as a livelihood if the bowling money didn't keep rolling in. Until Davis broke his arm in a high school basketball scrimmage, he was a promising pitcher who had drawn more than his share of major league scouts. All-round athletes such as these are scattered throughout this new clan, but, they all insist, bowling is a full-time job—one that demands full attention and hours upon hours of practice.

"You've got to keep an eye on the new guys coming in, too," warns Davis, "just like the older fellows watched us when we came in." At that, Davis, responding to a sudden roar from the crowd, leaped to a chair and quickly glanced at the scoreboard. Mike Durbin, playing his first year on the tour, needed one strike for a perfect 300 game. Durbin paused and sent the ball down the lane. He left the 5-8 standing. The crowd applauded the 298, and Durbin smiled weakly. Davis, stepping down from the chair, said, "See what happens? Durbin has a 185, 214 and 197 and then suddenly comes within two pins of a 300 game. Damn kids, anyway." **END**

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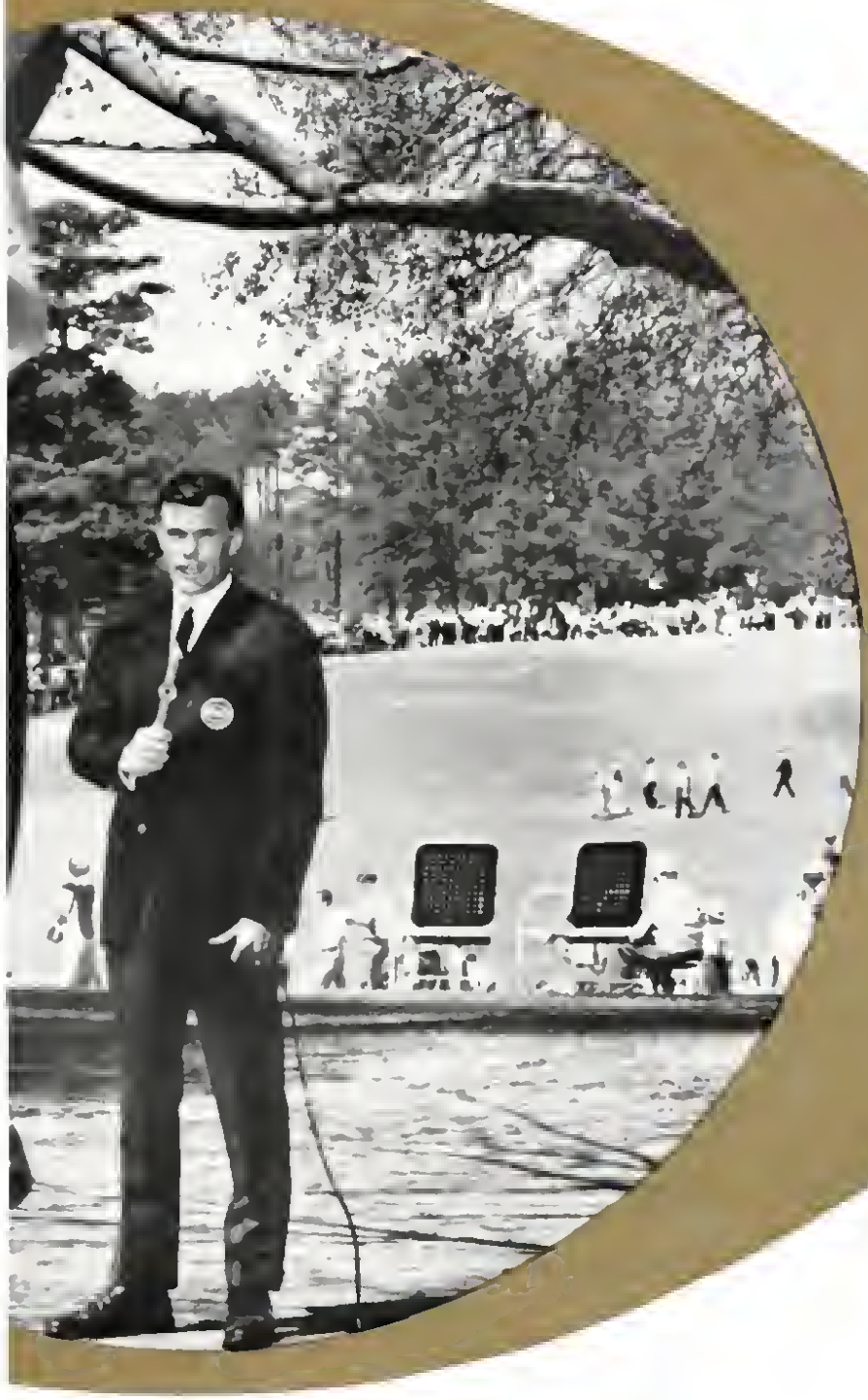
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AN EYE ON THE MASTERS



For CBS, the 1966 Masters began with instant crisis when Jim Jensen, at right, misidentified himself and a V.P. reached for a phone

BY DAN JENKINS



CONTINUED

Except, possibly, for a handful of seminomadic quinine hunters somewhere in Sumatra, just about everybody in the world has come to realize what American television's basic dedications are. The three networks are very strong for the elimination of cavities, dirt, sweat, Polish wives who can't cook Italian, malnourished pets and hurping. They are also very strong for the advancement of better mileage, scented breath and guava-colored jetliners. This is all terrific for the guys in the industry who play a lot of paddle tennis and throw around terms like "thirty-six mill" and "eighty-four thou" as if these were towns near Old Greenwich. The salesmen know the viewers will swing in there with whatever comes up in the big window, be it *Secret Squirrel* or George Brent. Anyhow, they ask, what do the viewers know about love, which is money? Don't they all have eyes like macaroni with meat sauce, suffer from chronic neck aches and want Walter Cronkite for President? Don't worry about the programming, Billy Tom. Let's all just phase into "21" and do a total face-down in the salad.

Fortunately for at least some of the country's 180 million dial-twisters, the industry is not always so insensitive. There are instances when its thinkers will drive a root canal through the great bicuspid of Madison Avenue and put something live and in color up there in the glorious glass—a political follies, a space shot or, more often than those, a sports event. When this happens, and when it is done well, TV becomes the electronic pleasure pill that it should be.

This occurred almost a year ago in Augusta, Ga., at that essential American quilt spread, the Masters golf tournament. Few annual events lend themselves to television quite as well as the Masters, the first major outdoor sports event of the year. It reeks with live action furnished by a lot of familiar heroes: Our Arnie, Big Jack, Black Gary, Darling Doug, Battling Billy. It also mixes in some old eagles—gray ones like Hogan and bald ones like Snead—and a variety of Chen Ching-pos, with the dogwood and azalea for incidental set decoration. And the whole scene is awash with color, Augusta-CBS color, which, of course, is better than the less vivid hues of God, though perhaps not as good as NBC's.

The Masters is a perfect opportunity for TV to be a newsy, gorgeous, creative showoff, to further enhance the good images left it by Edward R. Murrow's cigarette, Sid Caesar's parodies and Paddy Chayefsky's scripts. It is one of the prestige presentations that CBS has worked hard to keep over the years, like NFL football. Networks have an awful time establishing their identity with the viewers at home, and this kind of show helps. If you ask the average vidiot to tell you the difference between the three networks, you would be fortunate if he could say that NBC has Johnny Carson, Huntley-Brinkley, baseball and *I Spy*, that ABC has *Batman*, *Combat!*, college football and Wide World of Jim McKay—er, Sports, and that CBS has *Gunsmoke*, Cronkite, Morley Safer's war in Vietnam, the NFL and the Masters.

Doing the Masters right is not easy, not at all what the viewer might imagine—a lone cameraman bounding along a fairway with the equipment on his back and Commentator Jack Whitaker looking more tanned than usual in the giddy social whirl of the 18th green. To come out with the splendid show that CBS did a year ago required 10 years of bungles, worry, argument, mechanical refinement, thought and invention. More specifically, it took months of planning, 150 men, 15 cameras, a bastion of giant trailer trucks, 60,000 feet of underground cable and $600,000. What this produced was four and a half hours of live color coverage that began with Saturday's third round of play and ended late Monday evening with Jack Nicklaus' playoff victory.

Backstage at the 1966 Masters was a sort of athletic event of its own, a week of flickering madness in Producer-Director Frank Chirkinian's control truck when the show was beaming out to millions, and of bizarre hilarity practically everywhere else.

The week started, as most weeks do for TV, with a lot of worry—terrible, grave worry. The site was the lawn in

continued



In the hot truck, Chirkinian works in center foreground, while Dolph stands at far left and a trio of CBS brass sits and observes (from left) Reynolds, MacPhail and Schneider.

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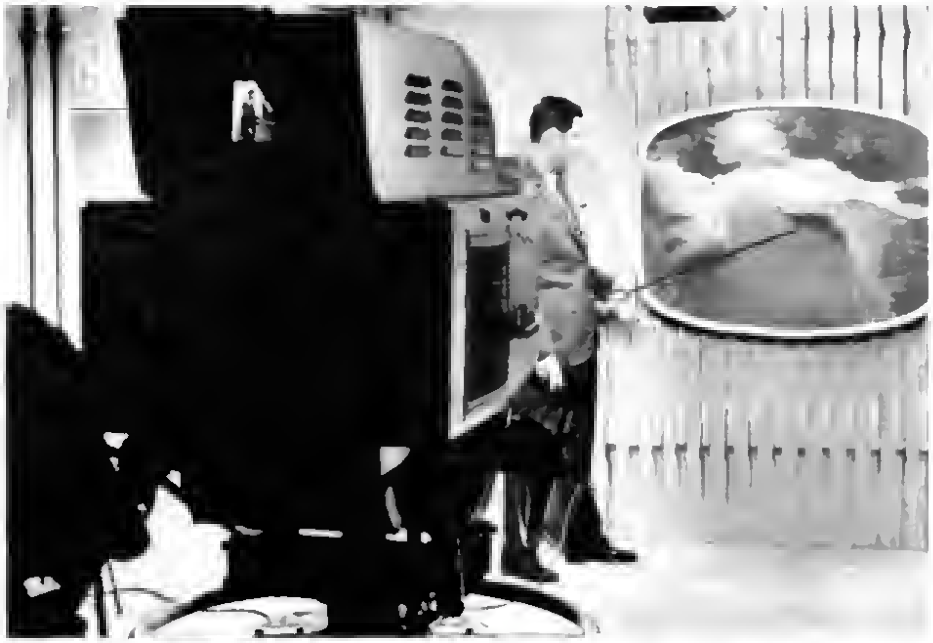
front of the Augusta National Golf Club veranda. The general staff of CBS Sports, all dressed in dark-blue blazers with crests and looking something like a confused group of AAU officials at an Olympics, was wearing out the grass. Its concern was the opening of the show, the fact that it was being written and rewritten, approved and unapproved, and criticized by practically everyone in town. There was also uneasiness about the man who was doing the opening on tape.

The situation was this: CBS had agreed to a request of Tournament Chairman Clifford Roberts, a lifelong friend of Bobby Jones and the man who runs the Masters like Napoleon ran France, that each day's telecast would begin with a solemn opening. The introduction would set a prestigious mood and state the fact that there would be a reduced number of commercials in tribute to the importance of the event.

When Roberts had first asked the sponsors, Travelers Insurance and Arrow shirts, for fewer commercials, an agency fellow in New York had said, "What does he think the Masters is, a moon shot?" Nevertheless, Roberts did get five commercials sliced from the scheduled two days of telecasting—a feat, some said, that was comparable to Jones's Grand Slam. But the tournament chairman also felt that this fact should be announced before and after each show by someone outside the realm of sport. A Walter Cronkite, perhaps. Or even a Dwight D. Eisenhower.

For a while no one involved could think of the proper person. Drawing close to deadline, with the Cronkites and Eisenhowers unobtainable, someone in New York got the big idea that Ed Sullivan would be good, and put it to Roberts. "Ed Sullivan!" Roberts reportedly said. "If we wanted anybody from show business, we could get Randolph Scott!"

The man finally selected was Jim Jensen, a handsome fellow from WCBS-TV's local news staff in New York. Roberts had seen him and had liked him. Jensen was dignified. He had a convincing manner and a sincere tone. Ah, but that opening. Somehow, in the editing by club members and ad agency writers, Jensen wound up identifying himself on the final tape as a "news correspondent."



Deep in the heart of the basement—or "patio"—as it was sometimes more glamorously called—Cary Middlecoff gives a golf professional's assessment of what is on the TNT Eidophor.

Granted, that may seem accurate enough to outsiders, but in television there is an important line between a correspondent and ordinary Earth people. A correspondent is most properly a man over in Vietnam eyewitnessing assaults on poppy fields or, at the very least, a familiar face famed for discoursing on vital events. Jim Jensen, whether Masters officials realized it or not—and CBS was afraid to ask—was a *local* news announcer. This meant that the peak of his journalistic success might involve a description of events on the Long Island Expressway during a blizzard.

Therefore among those blue blazers on the Masters lawn there was genuine distress. If they asked to edit the word correspondent, Roberts might ask to edit five more commercials. At the same time, with Jensen falsely identifying himself, the phone would ring at Masters control, and it would be Jack Schneider wanting to know what was going on. Bill MacPhail, the vice-president in charge of sports, would have to take the call, and he did not really *need* a call like that from Schneider, who is the boss of everyone at CBS except William Paley and Dr. Frank Stanton.

Now, as they all stood around, Frank Chirkinian said, "Bill, just tell Schneider that Cliff Roberts promoted Jensen."

Chirkinian has a habit of always being the voice of sanity and good humor, wherever he is. He was the most vital person, networkwise, in Augusta, for, as both the producer and chief director, he was in complete command. He was not overly worried about the Jensen dilemma. Jensen could introduce himself as Nancy Dickerson and it would be all right with Frank. The director was more concerned with the camera angles and velvet words that would fill the tense hours of live coverage.

Bill MacPhail, a gentleman who could easily make the semifinals in a Captain Nice Guy pageant, said, "This is serious, and I think worthy of a cocktail."

CBS Sports Director Jack Dolph, who was vice-chairman to MacPhail in charge of Augusta Worry, agreed. Chirkinian said, "Go ahead. If I wanted a drink, I'd go get Randolph Scott."

Chirkinian, acknowledged to be the best golf director in television and one who has been responsible for all kinds of innovations, proceeded to stroll away, doing one of his favorite things, singing a parody applicable to the event he happens to be covering. He sang:

You take Lionel—and I'll take Jay.
You take Marty—and I'll take Ed.
Hebert, Hebert,
Furgol, Furgol—
Let's call the Masters off.

continued

That evening the problem of the program opening was temporarily put aside, and the elite guard of the CBS team turned to something of a more pressing nature—its annual Calcutta pool on the tournament. It was held in one of the six sumptuous private homes in Augusta that the company rents during Masters Week.

While visitors tore into a large ham on a drainboard in the kitchen and collapsed on the carpet in the living room, MacPhail turned auctioneer. The top players were sold individually. But packages were also available—a dozen Dudley Wysongs say, with a Terry Dill thrown in, and for only $3.80. A couple of the crew, being somewhat less than golf-wise, were not immediately willing to accept the fact that people named Cobie Legrange and Ed Tutwiler actually existed. MacPhail was his own most active bidder, barely edging out Dolph, and later on they had the foggy recollection that they had managed to buy almost everyone, including, they feared, Randolph Scott.

Thursday, the day of the first round, was important to CBS for several reasons. There was a complete dress rehearsal, "full fax," they call it, which in television means complete dress rehearsal. MacPhail and Dolph had to go to the airport to pick up an assortment of brass, including John Reynolds, then the president of CBS-TV, Jack Schneider and a sales vice-president named Ted O'Connell. The brass had to be taken to the club and impressed by the fact that the veranda was teeming with hosts of corporate celebrities.

This was also the day Frank Chirkinian held a massive production meeting to remind everyone that they weren't getting ready to do *Supermarket Sweep* come Saturday. He had not especially liked the rehearsal.

"Mechanically everything worked fine, including the jaws of the commentators," said Chirkinian. "Cut your talk in half."

The crew of commentators included Jack Whitaker on the 18th green, Jack Drees and Byron Nelson on the 17th, Henry Longhurst, the British writer, on the 16th, John Derr on the 15th and Cary Middlecoff in a far-off basement room of the clubhouse. Down there Middlecoff's job was to deliver expertise while staring at diagrams of holes, stop-action, or the tournament itself on a contraption called the TNT Eidophor, a special projection device that provides a screen within the live screen and can be clearly explained only by the Swiss scientist who invented it.

Commentator Jack Whitaker, with briefcase in lap and pencil poised, was confronted with the perplexing problem of knowing when a commentator should offer no comment.



When Chirkinian had ended what he called his "harpoon-the-commentators meeting," he asked if there were other problems that anyone would care to bring up.

"No, I don't think so," said Whitaker. "I think now that my morale has been thoroughly destroyed I'll leave. If you'll excuse me, I'm taking Dr. Zhivago's calls tonight."

Jack Dolph said he did not want to frighten the crew unnecessarily, but he had received word that the Scotch tape, rubber bands and paper clips had not arrived.

"You jest," said Chirkinian.

"I jest not," said Dolph. "You ready? They were shipped to Nevada."

"Gentlemen," said Frank, "for the first time in the history of this network, we are going to do a show *without* Scotch tape, rubber bands or paper clips."

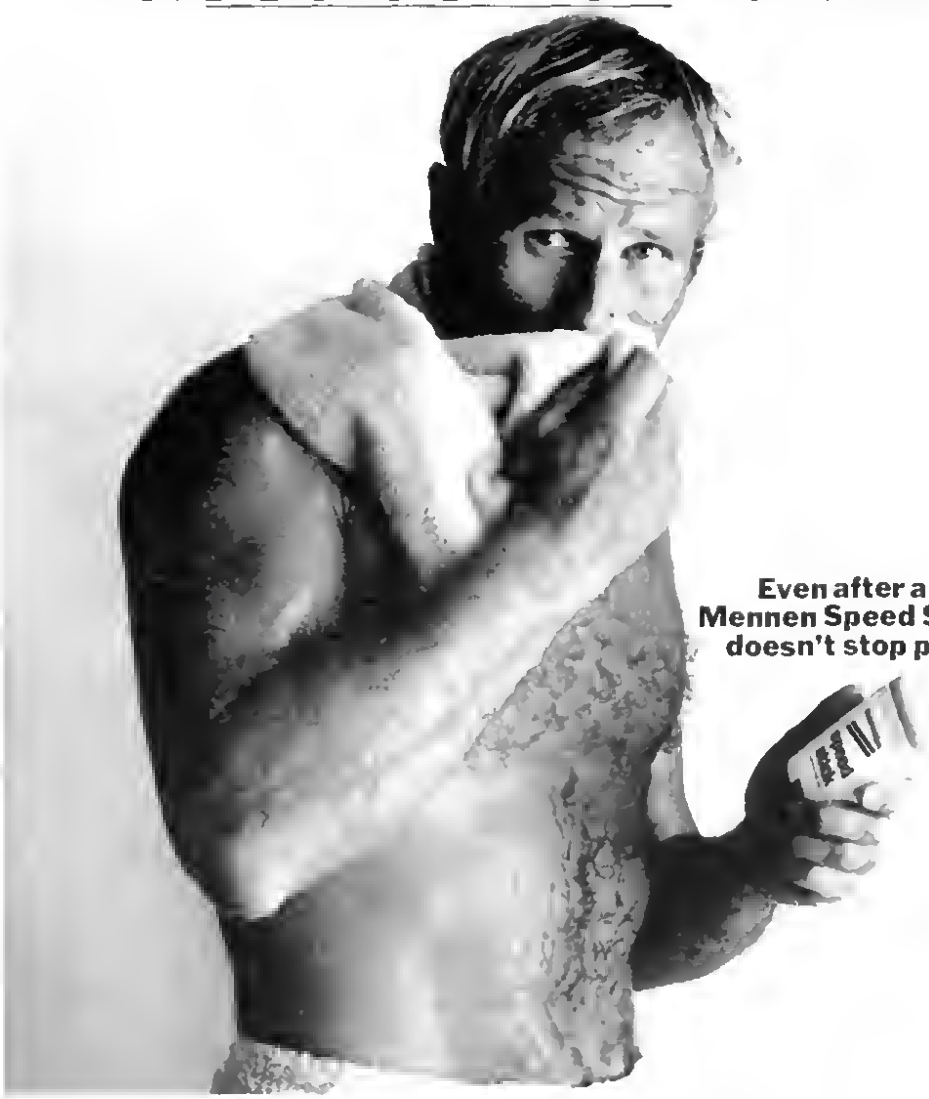
This particular evening was devoted to that fine old American pastime of tension-relieving. The directors, commentators and brass split in all directions, making the rounds of the private parties that are a feature of the Masters. Several of them wound up at what passes for the late, late show in Augusta. It was a place called the Key Club. A members-only cocktail lounge—you join by walking in—it offered a number of treats, not the least of which were a combo that could play louder than the siege of Vicksburg, a lucky blackjack dealer and scads of noncoms from nearby Fort Gordon.

Someone had insisted on taking Jack Schneider there. It was part of the flavor he ought to see. Having only recently recovered from the unflattering publicity that accompanied Fred Friendly's resignation as head of CBS News, Schneider gazed around the room and said, "Well, here I am. Where's the *Daily News* reporter?"

Friday's dress rehearsal went well, and Chirkinian's production meeting afterward reflected this. The director could make only a few small points. Jay Hebert's name was misspelled on the scoreboard in Middlecoff's basement. "Jay Hebert's name is always misspelled," said Dolph. "He ought to

continued

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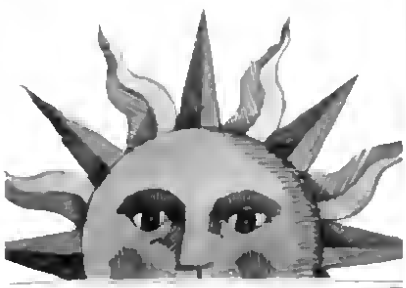
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change it to Herbert." Frank wondered if Jim Jensen intended to get a haircut.

Another retape of that introduction was still possible. There had been too much talking on the intercom during production. "Let there be one leader," Frank said. He asked if Schneider had enjoyed himself and did anyone know when he was going back to New York? (Schneider was headed back.) He said he hoped there would not be too many green jackets—Masters committeemen—in the truck tomorrow. He announced that the show would begin 30 minutes before air time so they would have a flying start. "Well, gentlemen," he concluded, "that's about all. Good luck tomorrow, and I'd just like to announce that I'm going back in the dry-cleaning business."

Chirkinian looks almost like Hollywood's conception of a TV director. He is a natty little man, dark-complexioned, with black, wavy hair, horn-rimmed glasses, alligator loafers and a 10 handicap. This was going to be his eighth straight Masters for CBS. His earlier training had not been in sports, however. A native of Philadelphia, he had been in the Army, done a year at Penn and two years at Philadelphia's Columbia Institute. In Philadelphia he had directed just about everything possible—musicals, news, drama, public affairs, variety and circuses. Along the way to CBS he had become a golf nut, and this had certainly shown in his work at Augusta, as well as on the *CBS Golf Classic*, the best of the canned golf shows.

Chirkinian's job at the Masters was far from enviable. Few creatures, electronic or otherwise, are more imposing than a TV control truck. The one at Augusta was a blinking monster of 14 screens, large and small, color and not, of live pickup, videotape replays and stop-action. Frank's duty was to watch them all simultaneously while keeping in constant touch with commentators, assistant directors and technicians, and select which of the different pictures should go on the air.

Physically, the network's setup as air time approached for Saturday's one-hour show on the third round was this. Chirkinian was at his table in what television romantically calls the hot truck. He was seated between an assistant director with a stopwatch, Roland Vance, and a technical director, Sandy Bell, who punches a button when the director says, "Take one," or, "Take three," or whatever he wants. Also in the truck was Lou Scanna, the engineer in charge who was responsible for all of the plugs being in their sockets, one of the few men in the world who knows why you can get a picture on your screen at home. MacPhail and Dolph were present, of course, to worry. Another huge truck was situated down near the 16th green, and squeezed in there was Bob Daley, a fine director in his own right, who rates up there with Chirkinian, CBS's Tony Verna, NBC's Harry Coyle and ABC's Mack Hemion as the elite in the business. Daley was acting as Chirkinian's assistant. It was his job to punch up the action from the 15th, 16th and 17th holes as best he saw it, and ride shotgun on the commentators at those locations. The voice men—talent, they are called, perhaps because they earn 84 thou a year, or a lot, anyhow—were all on their towers in their blue blazers, and Middlecoff was in his basement, frequently sending such messages to Chirkinian on the intercom as, "I'm here if you need me, doll."

As show time drew close, Chirkinian sat calmly calling up test shots: the scoreboard, Whitaker, various greens, competitors walking along.

"Fellows," he said in his headset, "let's remember to keep sight reference at all times, and let's keep silent on all shots. We've got these tees and fairways miked for audio, so we want to hear it when they swing."

He glanced at one of the screens and noted that a cameraman, playfully scanning the crowd at 18, had located a shapely bell-bottomed spectator.

"Barracuda," Frank said.

Bill MacPhail left for a neighboring trailer to get a Coke, and when he returned he asked if Chirkinian was happy with the Whitaker opening that had been tested earlier.

"It'll be fine," Frank said. "I'll stick some spurs in him just before we go on."

Dolph leaned forward and reminded Frank that he should use as much stop-

continued



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action stuff as possible because Paley likes it.

"Paley who?" Frank said, without turning around.

Just then Roland Vance—earphones on, stopwatch uplifted, papers spread out before him—said that it was seven minutes to go. At about the same time, the truck door opened and in came several CBS friends, none of them wearing green jackets. They were Dave Marr and his wife Susan, Bruce Crampton and his wife Joan, Charlie Conerly, the ex-New York Giant quarterback, and his wife Perian, and a pretty plantation owner from Houston named Eloise Rowan.

Dolph said, "What's the story on the bigger truck we ordered?"

Everyone crammed in. Chirkinian lit his 97th cigarette of the day, sat up a little straighter in his folding chair, adjusted his headset like a bomber pilot in flak and said that great thing which people in television enjoy saying so much:

"One and a half 'til air."

As Roland Vance started waving his arms, Chirkinian went on talking. "Whit, we've got a good tournament here. The scores are close. Everybody's in there with a chance—Palmer, Nicklaus, all the guys. . . . Hey! You guys downstairs. I want that scoreboard up to date *right now*.... Get the stop-action on Nicklaus ready. We'll get into that pretty quick, Cary. . ."

"Ten seconds," shouted Vance. "Stand by."

Chirkinian spoke quietly. "Good luck and good show," he said.

"Roll Augusta music!" cried Vance.

Suddenly on the big color screen there was Jim Jensen with a haircut and what might have been a wisteria. It was the tape of his opening.

"Good afternoon," said he. "I'm CBS News Correspondent Jim Jensen. Because of the importance of the program you are about to see, it is being brought to you with a reduced number of . . ."

Jensen concluded the opening with the line that was a cue for Whitaker and a signal that the Masters was now live. "May you enjoy the show you are about to see," he intoned.

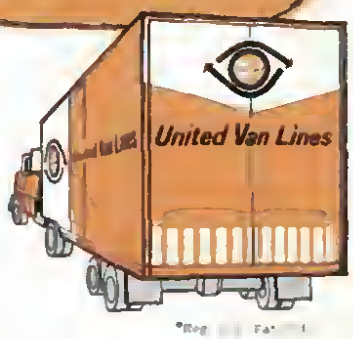
"We're on!" shrieked Vance.

"Go, Jack," Chirkinian whispered. "Go, Babe."

continued

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THE EYE *continued*

As Whitaker took over and began bringing the tournament into focus—Jack Nicklaus had led the first round, Paul Harney and Peter Butler had taken over in the second, and now today the big stars were really making a move—a knock came on the door of the control truck. It was Yvonne Connors, a CBS secretary from the other trailer. She said that Bill MacPhail was wanted on long distance. It was Jack Schneider back in New York.

"Where do you want to have the body shipped?" said Dolph.

MacPhail returned in a few minutes looking as if he had just heard a rumor that the NFL was going to merge with the AFL. He smiled and slowly sat down. "Guess what Schneider wanted?" he said.

"I'm sure he didn't want to know why Jensen called himself a correspondent," said Dolph.

MacPhail said, "I just told him it was a conspiracy involving some foreign powers, and the CIA would furnish us all with a full report."

Back on the panel of 14 screens before Chirkinian, the tournament was tightening up. The leaders were creeping into view in this corner and that. This is when a director ages. He is likely to have two or three key dramas at hand, and, of course, he can show only one at a time. The trick is knowing the sport and the tendencies of the athletes—exactly how long Nicklaus is likely to putt, when Palmer will drive, how much study Sanders will give to a chip. A director cannot be caught showing Arnie hitching up his trousers when Casper is pulling off the bunker shot that wins the championship. At least, a director can't do it too often and stay a director.

Chirkinian seemed to be doing remarkably well in spite of the periodic irritant of Roland Vance shouting something like, "Two minutes past ideal commercial!"

To Bob Daley, Frank said, "Bobby, you'd better whip your boys a little. We got a hell of a tournament here and they sound like they're asleep."

He went to Whitaker.

"A little more schmaltz, Jack, on the tightness of the race." Frank then over-

continued

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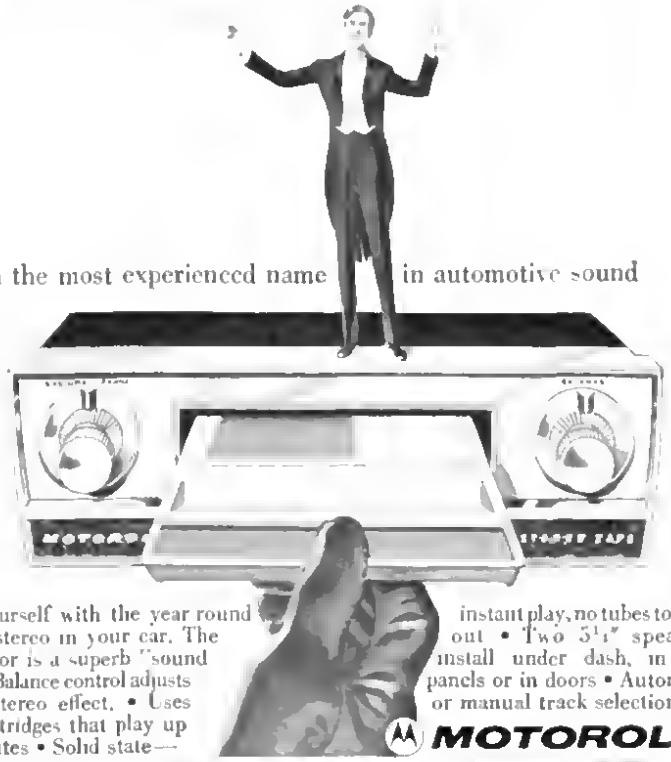
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THE EYE *continued*

dramatized his voice and mimicked someone that highly amused MacPhail and Dolph. "Believe me, folks, you could cut the tension here with a hot butterknife."

And then to Whitaker he said, "Don't say that, for God's sake." The truck swayed gently with the laughter.

There was hardly any time to enjoy the frivolity. A crucial moment was approaching. Jack Nicklaus had come to the 18th tee and Arnold Palmer was back on the 16th, both of them struggling to catch the current leader, Gay Brewer Jr. The audio picked up a devastating whack as Nicklaus drove into the woods. The camera caught Palmer's shot biting into the 16th green and curling toward the flag.

Palmer striding onto the green made a spectacular view in color, and Bob Daley had it. Somehow, the lighting on Palmer, and the emerald turf mingling with the shade of the pines, and the pond and flowers in the background, combined to represent, in Chirkinian's mind, everything the Masters stood for.

"Good shot, Bob," Frank said. "Beautiful. Look at that Picasso!"

The director's ecstasy was interrupted by Yvonne Connors again knocking on the trailer door and peeking in.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "Mr. Roberts just called and said the TV set in his cottage isn't working right and he wants somebody over there to fix it *immediately*."

"Terrific," said Frank, glued to his screens.

MacPhail looked at Dolph. Dolph looked at MacPhail. They both turned and looked at Lou Scanna. "O.K.," said Lou, getting up. He edged toward the door, poked his head out and called to a technician. "Would you go over to Roberts' house and kick the set, or something?"

Jack Nicklaus, at the moment, was having worse problems. He was virtually out of sight in the woods on the 18th hole. Middlecoff's voice came into the truck. "Frank, we're gonna *have* to get big Jack in those woods. This is a real important shot."

"Thanks a lot, Cary," Frank said. "I'll tell you what I can do. I can hit a

continued



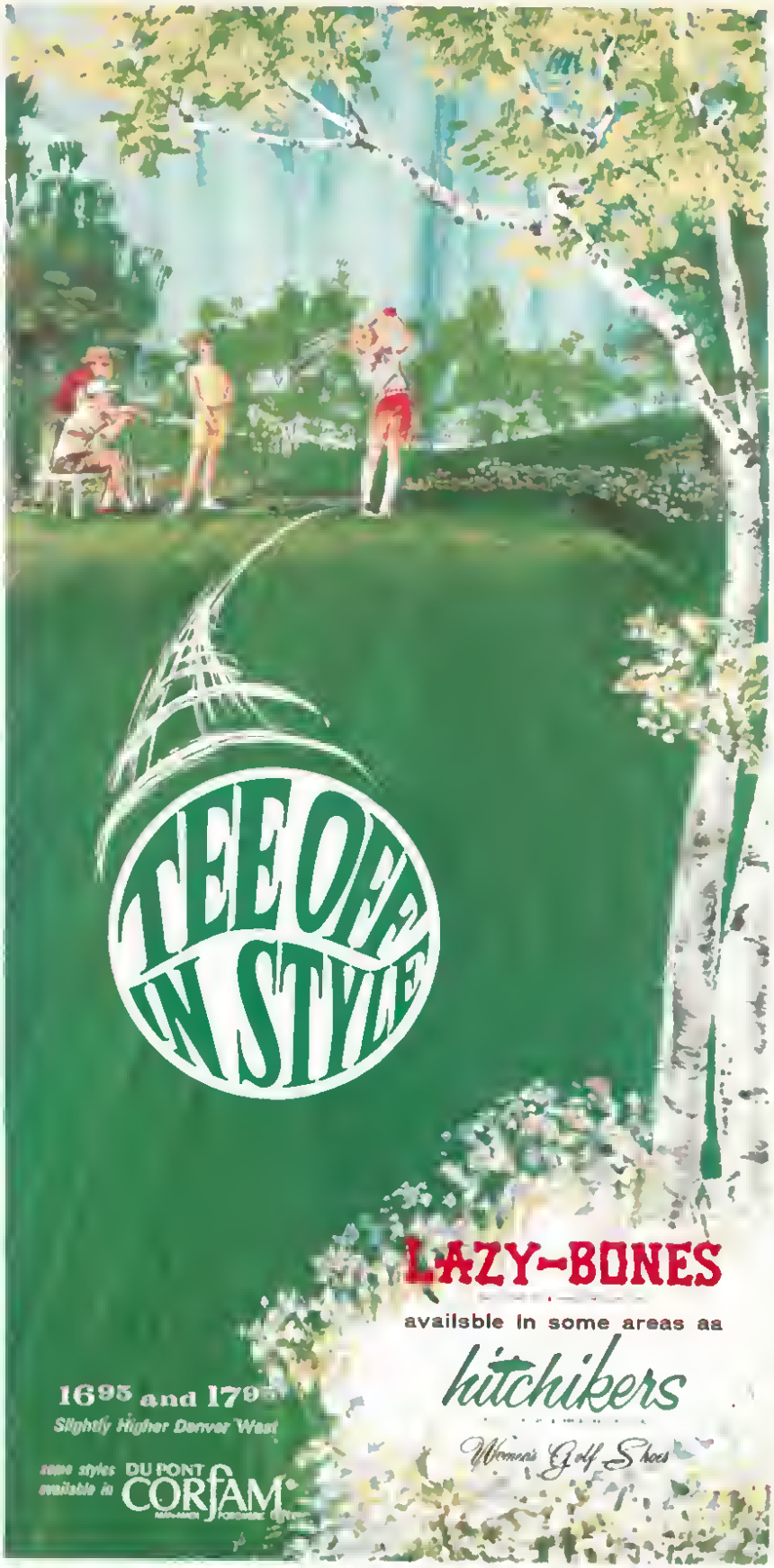












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couple of trees with Armenian lightning."

As Nicklaus thrashed around in the woods, Palmer was preparing to putt for a birdie on the 16th. Chirkinian stood up.

"We need a little luck here, babies," he said.

Palmer putted. "Jack, throw it to 16," Frank said. The ball rolled toward the cup. "Ready two, and open the fairway on 18. Take two." Then Nicklaus slashed from the woods. Palmer's ball neared the cup. "Take remote." It missed, narrowly. "Take three." Nicklaus' ball bounded into a bunker left of the green. "Take remote," Frank said. Palmer grimaced. "Bob, give me a closeup." Nicklaus emerged from the woods. "Take one," said the director. Nicklaus closeup. And, finally, Chirkinian sat down. It had been 30 seconds of sheer show-business torture, and an excellent moment in a good production.

When CBS did its first Masters in 1956 it used only six cameras, all of them trained exclusively on the greens, and Bud Palmer was the lone commentator, sitting on the 18th and describing the other holes from a monitor. Chirkinian encouraged making it a more sophisticated production his first year, which was 1959.

At that Masters, CBS increased the number of cameras to 12; moreover, Frank deployed them so that fairways and tees could be shown, and he upped the number of commentators to three. A year later several other notable changes were made. Chirkinian miked the tees and greens. The conduits were put underground to eliminate the cables strewn everywhere for Arnie's Army to trip over. And along with a producer named Jud Bailey, he invented the plus-minus scoring system that Clifford Roberts himself adopted for the big leader boards (with red for under par and green for over). In 1965 Chirkinian upped the camera quota to the present total of 15, added helicopter footage, hole diagrams, video reruns, stop-action, the TNT Electrophor, more commentators, and improved camera positions. Equally important, he by now had a dedicated, experienced crew working with him. And in 1966 had come color.

On Sunday CBS had the telecast scheduled for an hour and a half, but, unlike the old days, it was geared to stay on, hang the expense, until the Masters had a champion. Not too many years ago television would bid a fond farewell to the excitement when its allotted hour was up, and if Sam Snead happened to be bent over a winning putt at the time, that was tough luck. You could get the result on the late news.

"We're different now," MacPhail explained Sunday morning. "We're cleared to run over into prime time if the guys play slow today. And if there's a playoff Monday, we'll be on. In fact, if there is sudden death *after* the playoff, Frank thinks we could cover it remote." He wasn't sure how—perhaps with Whitaker on a golf cart with a Brownie, preempting Cronkite's news. Talk of sudden death gave MacPhail an unfriendly feeling in his stomach.

The program opened Sunday with the same dramatic countdown procedures of the day before. A couple of new spectators were in the truck, both of them wearing green jackets. They were crouched down near Chirkinian, presumably to see to it that CBS did not mess up the show.

"Do they know anything about television?" someone discreetly asked Jack Dolph.

"Maybe they taught Chris Schenkel everything he knows," Dolph said.

Things went along in an orderly manner for a spell, but then the Masters burst apart with the excitement that it always seems to provide on Sunday afternoon. Gay Brewer's lead was far from secure. Tommy Jacobs was hanging in there. Jack Nicklaus had a good chance if he made a move. So did Palmer.

Feeling this, Chirkinian's voice began to pick up some emotion and strain that it had not previously shown. The delicate ear might even have detected a bark in his tone.

He buzzed Bob Daley in the other truck.

"Bobby, the players are nervous. There's tension. This is the big one. Let's drive these commentators a little, O.K.?"

A moment later Frank said, "What's all the *noise* on the headset, fellows?"

continued

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There was frantic activity everywhere on the closing holes. Nicklaus birdied the 14th, Jacobs birdied the 15th, and when Brewer could only make a par at 17 there was the possibility of a three-way tie. Chirkinian leaped up and clapped his hands, and, coming back down, remembered that he had alerted Whitaker to make a specific point about something or other. He had forgotten what.

"Just vamp, Jack," Frank said. "Go."

Whitaker "vamped" about tension, the azaleas and Bobby Jones, and seemed about to launch into a soliloquy on the Teapot Dome scandal when Chirkinian rescued him. Palmer and Brewer were on the 17th, where Palmer blew a kick-in birdie putt that would have brought him into contention.

Frank followed them up the 18th where Brewer had a seven-footer for a par 4 that might lock up the Masters.

"This is *it*, Doll," said Middlecoff on the intercom.

Chirkinian said to Whitaker, "This is the most important putt of Gay Brewer's life, Jack."

And Whitaker said to Videoland, "This is surely the most important putt of Gay Brewer's life."

If it was, that was too bad, because Brewer missed the putt. He was now in a tie with Tommy Jacobs for the championship, and Nicklaus, who had just picked up another birdie, only had to par the last two holes to make it a three-way playoff.

Nicklaus played quite deliberately down that stretch—including the dramatic miss of a three-foot birdie putt on 17—and this enabled Chirkinian to prepare for the big finish on the final green.

"I want to really hear that sound," he said. "When Nicklaus comes up the fairway near the green, I want to hear the crowd. I want some emotion. This is a hell of a finish. . . . This guy may birdie the hole, and I want reactions. . . . I may have a reaction. . . . Who's got Nicklaus in the pool anyhow?"

Nicklaus had a tremendously long birdie putt on the last green to win. It seemed that a playoff was assured, but Chirkinian wanted a buildup.

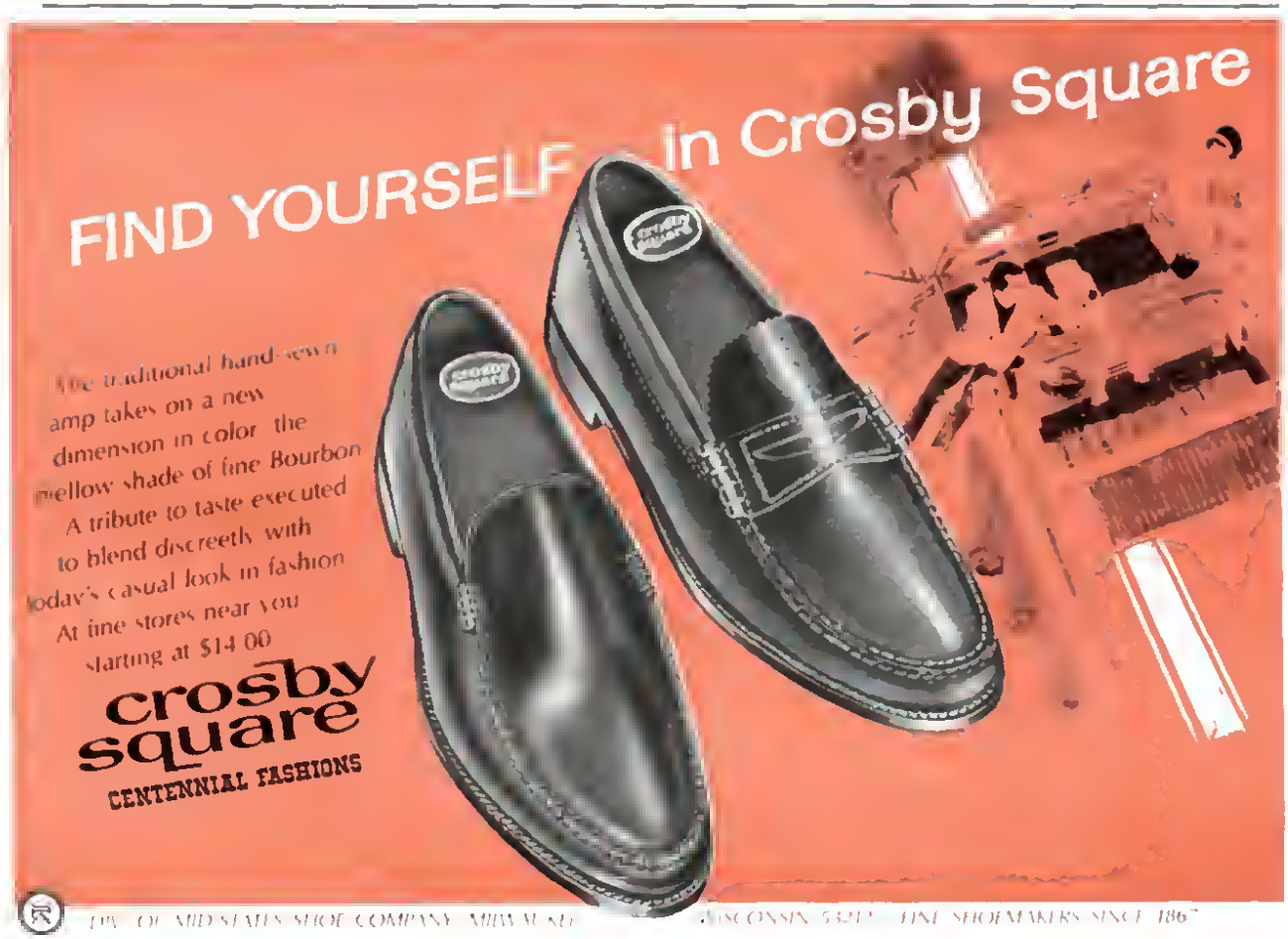
"Jack," he said to his anchor man, "there's Brewer and Jacobs, watching on the edge of the green. They have no other recourse but to watch, right? . . . Wait, don't repeat that."

Chirkinian wheeled around in the truck, giggling at himself. He glanced at MacPhail. "My resignation will be on your desk tomorrow morning," he said.

Nicklaus hit a beautiful putt that barely twisted away from the cup, dying at the last faint second amid chaotic shouts of, "Take one, take five, take three," from the director and the agonizing groan of the gallery on the audio.

Whitaker rapidly did a résumé, the show signed off, and Dolph spoke for everyone in the truck when he said, "I

continued





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ARMY ROTC

don't suppose we'd do anything like have nine thousand cocktails?"'

As nearly all 18-hole playoffs in golf are, Monday's was anticlimactic, especially when compared to the roaring finish of the previous day. CBS was on the air before the players had reached camera range at the 14th green, and when they eventually got there Nicklaus held a two-stroke lead over Jacobs, while Gay Brewer was playing like Chirkinian. This meant the show had quite a bit of fill in it. But Chirkinian made the most of some taped replays from Sunday and of stop-action on Nicklaus' swing, and Middlecoff gave several playing lessons. Not perfect, but good enough.

At one point after the competitors had traipsed into view, Chirkinian got annoyed by a couple of camera shots. One had been an intimate closeup of a spectator's hand. "What's *this*?" Frank bellowed. "I want Jacobs, and you gimme a *hand*?" The other had been a rear view of an official who had marched into the middle of a fairway to observe Nicklaus' approach to the 17th. "That's it," Frank said. "You just get right out there, and we'll swing along down to Wall Street together."

There was still a dim chance that Jacobs could make up two strokes on Nicklaus and force a sudden-death playoff, but the odds against it were overwhelming. Lou Scanna, the engineer, had set in motion the sudden-death preparations when Nicklaus and Jacobs had been tied through the front nine. Now he had a question.

"Is sudden death canceled?" he asked.

Chirkinian laughed and said, "Lou, you're beautiful."

"Well *is* it?" Scanna said. "My guy's on the headset, and he says it's not only dark out there, they have taken out the pins everywhere and are watering the greens." The truck exploded with laughter befitting a merciful ending.

Had Nicklaus not maintained his lead and won the 1966 Masters, it would surely have been the most interesting sudden death in golf history. It would have been played Tuesday morning, and CBS could have done it as a two-minute commercial on a *Leave It to Beaver* rerun.

Several weeks later, after all concerned had recovered from the battleground that was Augusta, Frank Chirkinian was in Shor's one evening and happy as an Armenian dry cleaner who had discovered the white knight. He had accepted an Emmy for CBS sports. It had not been won for the Masters—which was a shame—but for the *CBS Golf Classic*. And CBS and Chirkinian had not won it alone. The awards committee had also presented one to NBC and ABC—a three-way tie, like Augusta. Still, it was an Emmy.

"Anyhow," said Frank, "who'll ever know? It doesn't look bad on the hood of the car." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Sam Jones scored a career-high 51 points as Boston defeated New York 118-109 to take the Eastern Division semifinals three games to one. In the finals, however, PHILADELPHIA gained a quick 2-0 lead by whipping the Celtics 127-113 and 107-102. In the first game Hal Greer tossed in 39 points, while Wilt Chamberlain had 24 points, 32 rebounds, 13 assists and blocked 12 shots. In the second, Chamberlain pulled down 29 rebounds. SAN FRANCISCO also raced to a 2-0 lead in the Western Division final playoffs with 117-115 and 143-136 victories over St. Louis as Rick Barry popped in 38 and 47 points. The Warriors' point total in the second game set a playoff record, and the combined total was the highest ever.

AAU. Second-seeded AKRON gained the National championship for the second time by defeating 11-time titleholder and defending champion Bartlesville, Okla., 77-62 in the finals in Denver.

BILLIARDS—LUTHER LASSITER, 48, of Elizabeth City, N.C., defeated Jack Breit of Houston 150-73 in the finals of the 1967 World Pocket Billiards Tournament in New York City for his fourth title in the last five years.

BOATING—Ted Turner's the SORC's 1966 champion from Atlanta, sailed his new 40-foot sloop VAMOOSE to a record-breaking victory in the 811-mile Miami-Montego Bay (Jamaica) race with a corrected time of four days 22 hrs 33 min 47 sec.

BOWLING—Twenty-six-year-old JIM STEFANICH of Joliet, Ill. won a two-frame roll-off over Don Johnson of Kokomo, Ind. to take the $25,000 first prize in the $100,000 Firestone Tournament of Champions in Akron, Ohio (*page 86*).

BOXING—Philadelphian GYPSY JOE HARRIS won his 17th straight professional fight with a unanimous decision over Welterweight Champion Curtis Cokes (45-9-3) of Dallas in a nontitle bout in New York's Madison Square Garden (*page 77*).

In another unanimous decision Heavyweight Eddie Machen, 34, lost to California State Champion HENRY CLARK in a 12-rounder in Sacramento. After the fight Machen announced his retirement from the ring because he had come "to the end of the line and this is a good time to get out."

Former Heavyweight Champion FLOYD PATTERSON, 32, stressed that he's "ready to meet Clay" by knocking out Bill McMurray of Sacramento in 2:37 of the first round of a scheduled 10-rounder in Pittsburgh.

SONNY LISTON, 34, another former heavyweight titleholder, scored a first-round knockout over Dave Bailey, 34, of Philadelphia in a scheduled 10-round bout in Goteborg, Sweden.

FENCING—Defending champion NEW YORK UNIVERSITY gained the NCAA championship in Northridge, Calif. for the seventh time with 72 points to runner-up Penn's 64; active of its members took individual titles.—GEORGE MASIN in the epee and MIKE GAYLOR in the foil. Sabre honors went to Penn's TODD MAKLER.

GOLF—GEORGE ARCHER, a 6'6" rancher from Gilroy, Calif., shot a closing round of 68 in the $125,000 Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open for a tournament record 17-under par 267 total to win by two strokes over runner-up Doug Sanders. Arnold Palmer, who finished third with a 271, regained his position as top money-winner of the year with $84,673 and became the first golfer to reach the $800,000 mark in official tournament winnings.

SUSIE MAXWELL of Pasadena, Calif. took the LPGA Louise Suggs Invitational tournament in Delray Beach, Fla. when she birdied the 3rd hole of a sudden death playoff with Sandra Haynie.

GYMNASTICS—SOUTHERN ILLINOIS retained its team title in the two-day NCAA championships in Carbondale, Ill. by beating runner-up Michigan 189.55 points to 187.40, although Michigan's DAVE JACOBS took first place in both the floor exercise and the trampoline. The all-around title, also successfully defended, was won by STEVE COHEN of Penn State, whose team placed fourth on the standings behind Iowa.

HARNESS RACING—New Zealand-bred pacers finished one two-three in the one-mile $25,000 Adios Butler Cup at Roosevelt Raceway, as Trainer and Driver Stanley Dancer guided CARDIGAN BAY (3.2.40) to a 1½-length victory over Orbiter N. with Tactile another length back in third. The 11-year-old bay gelding's second straight win of the season raised his all-time earnings to $764,706, the highest of any active Standardbred.

HOCKEY—NHL. Champion CHICAGO (41-17-12) finished the last week of the season with three wins in four games as Stan Mikita tallied five points to tie Bobby Hull's 1966 record (97 points). It was Mikita's third scoring title in the past four years. Mikita also broke his league assists mark with 62, and Pierre Pilote tied his NHL record for assists by a defenseman with 46. The Hawks' Bobby Hull, though, missed the last three games because of a knee injury and ended the season with 52 goals, two short of his NHL record. The fight for second place was finally resolved when MONTREAL (32-25-13) won its last three games in close out the season on an 11-game unbeaten streak and edged TORONTO (32-27-11), winner of two of three, by two points. NEW YORK (30-28-12), in the meanwhile, dropped two of three and came in fourth, three points behind the Leafs. Fifth-place DETROIT (27-39-4) lost three, and BOSTON (17-43-10) dropped two.

The U.S.S.R. completed a sweep of seven games to take its fifth consecutive world championship in Vienna (*page 50*).

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Frances A. Genter's CAN RI ALTY ($11,601) with Earlie Fires up won the 1¼-mile $139,400 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park when he finished 2½ lengths ahead of Biller (*page 84*).

MOTOR SPORTS—FORD finished one-two in the 12-hour Sebring (Fla.) Endurance Race as Mario Andretti of Nazareth, Pa. and Bruce McLaren of New Zealand in their new Mark IV averaged a record 102.9 mph for the 1,217.6 miles (*page 34*).

CALE YARBOROUGH of Charlotte, N.C. averaged 131.078 mph in his 1967 Ford in the Atlanta 500 to gain his first NASCAR victory of the season. Placing second, also in a 1967 Ford, was Dick Hutcherson of Camden, S.C.

TRACK & FIELD—Texas A&M's RANDY MATSON, the outstanding performer at the Texas Relays in Austin, set a new national collegiate record of 201' 1" in the discus and a meet mark of 68'8" in the shotput, while TEXAS SOUTHERN took the team title by winning more relays (four) than any other school. Kansas sophomore JIM RYUN ran a 4:04.9 mile anchor leg on the winning four-mile relay team and anchored the Jayhawks' world-record-breaking sprint medley team (3:15.2) with a 1:46.1 half mile.

MILEPOSTS. NAMED: As NBA Coach of the Year, JOHNNY KERR, 34, who gave up playing for Baltimore a year ago to coach the Chicago Bulls. Then the newest entry in the NBA, and led them to the playoffs with a surprising 33-48 record.

NAMED: To head coaching positions at Illinois, two former Illini athletes, JIM VALEK, 40, after serving as assistant football coach at four schools, to succeed Pete Elliott, and HARV SCHMIDT, 31, after three seasons as assistant basketball coach at New Mexico, to replace Hatsy Combes. Both Elliott and Combes resigned from their posts two weeks ago because of a slush-fund scandal.

HIRED: JACK McMAHON, 38, coach of the Cincinnati Royals for the past four seasons, as coach and general manager of the new NBA San Diego team. Also named as coach for the new Seattle Supersonics was AL BIANCHI, 35, an assistant with the Chicago Bulls the past season.

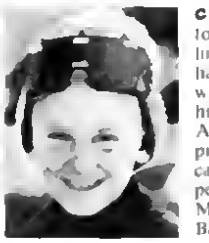
RESIGNED: Head basketball coach(es): H. A. (Bud) MILLIKAN, 46, of the University of Maryland, who felt that "17 years, 241-179, at one school is long enough." To be replaced by his assistant, Frank Tellings. WILLIAM C. FITCH, 34, after a five-year record of 92-44 at the University of North Dakota, to succeed Coach Warren (Porky) Schillar at Bowling Green, and DON RUHERG, 34, Xavier's coach for four years (53-51), because he was "not having any fun anymore."

RETIRED: Southpaw JOE NUXHALL, 38, after a 23-year pitching career (135-117), to accept a position with a Cincinnati brewery and become a member of the Reds' play-by-play broadcasting team. Nuxhall, who spent 15 seasons with the Reds, became the youngest player ever to appear in a major league game when, on June 10, 1944, he pitched two-thirds of an inning for Cincinnati at the age of 15.

CREDITS

31—[illegible] 33—[illegible] 34—[illegible] 37—[illegible] 38, 40—[illegible] 45—[illegible] 46—[illegible] 47—David Madden from Stock 48—[illegible] 49—Ernst Haas, Getty Graphics 50—Jay Maisel 58—Jerry Cooke 59—[illegible] 70—UPI, Utah High, Town St. Petersburg Times 77—Wil Blanchard 83, 84—[illegible] 86—Art Shay 90-96—[illegible] 113—Doug Connelly, Red Morton, St. Petersburg Times, David Rains, Chico Enterprise-Record, Hugh Peters, Savannah News-Press.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHARLES GABL, a fourth-grader from Bellingham, Wash., who has been on skis since he was 11 months old—his father is Franz Gabl, Austria's 1948 Olympic silver medalist—became the youngest competitor ever to win the McGuire Cup at Mount Baker, Wash.



JOHN BEAR, 18, a pre-med student at Manatee Junior College in Bradenton, Fla. and a member of the Sarasota Sailing Squadron, gained four firsts and a second with his father as crew to win the Winter Windmill races at St. Petersburg, Fla. for the second time.



JOE TAVALERO, a senior at Chico (Calif.) State College, was named Outstanding Boxer at the California Collegiate Conference championships in Chico as he won a decision in the final match to take the 139-pound crown and give Chico its third team title.



FREIDA ROUSSEAU, 18, an All-State basketball forward from Tulia, Texas, for three years, averaged 35 points per game this season, then scored a record 99 points in the two-game Class AAA state tournament in Austin to lead her Tulia High team to victory.



JOHN MORTON, 6'5", 240-pound sophomore at the University of Florida who consistently has broken his own discus and shot-put school marks this season, was voted top athlete at the Florida Relays when he set a meet record in the discus (187'8½").



HOLLIS STACY, 13, a junior golfer in Savannah who was given a special invitation to the City Open Senior championships, surprised her 15 veteran rivals by winning with a three-round total of 243, three strokes better than former titleholder, Polly Dunn, age 34.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO CHANCE

Sirs:

May I compliment Frank Deford on his articles on the NCAA basketball tournament. Not only did he point out the strong and weak teams in the tournament, but he also pointed out that NCAA now stands for No Chance Against Alcindor. This is so true that I feel the other teams in the NCAA deserve a break.

Why not declare UCLA the undisputed champions for the next two years? This not only would give a few more teams a chance to play in the tournament (the Pacific Eight runner-up, for instance), but it would also give a few more teams a chance to remain in the ranks of the undefeated. The tournament could follow the same pattern except the teams entered would compete for second place instead of first.

DALE BUTLER

Oak Harbor, Wash.

Sirs:

Truly, UCLA has probably the greatest team in college basketball history. But, from what I saw of the "fabulous" Lew Alcindor in the final against Dayton, I was not impressed. Sure, he can block shots just by lifting his arm, and he can stuff the ball through the hoop. But so can any other seven-foot man. Mike Warren, Lynn Shackelford and Kenny Heitz make the Bruins what they are, not Alcindor.

MIKE TAUSCH

New Orleans

Sirs:

When Mervin Hyman made the profound statement that UCLA was "everybody's favorite" (BASKETBALL'S WEEK, March 27), he was taking liberties that should not belong to any reporter.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON, D.D.S.

Macon, Ga.

NO CHANGE

Sirs:

I am overjoyed that the National Basketball Committee has figured out how to improve *my* appreciation of college and high school basketball; but I'm afraid that outlawing the dunk shot is not enough. Why not outlaw all shots within 10 feet (or 20 or 30 feet) of the basket?

The action of this small but enlightened group of progressive and imaginative sportsmen vividly points up the shortsightedness of leaders in other sports. Why wasn't the home run outlawed when Babe Ruth was making a shambles of baseball? Why was Joe Louis allowed to continue using that lethal right after it became obvious that he was better than anybody else? I'm waiting for the day that Jean-Claude Killy is required to ski on one ski. I'm sure the rest of the sports world is with me.

DAVID J. BLOMGREN

Los Angeles

● For SI's views on the subject, see page 24.—ED.

DELAYED ACTION

Sirs:

Many thanks to Martin Kane for the excellent story on soccer (*True Football Gets Its Big Chance*, March 27). It is high time that the finest sport in the world did get a chance in this country. At last the public will be watching a sport with action, rather than falling asleep in front of the television screen waiting for some sign of life from a bunch of Vic Tanny rejects gathered together on a baseball diamond.

ALEX A. HOLENKO

Denville, N.J.

Sirs:

If American sportsmen need to be convinced that soccer is real action, let them watch one game on a muddy field. They'll love it!

Contrary to Martin Kane's statements, I think the youth of America does have a lot of interest in this fast-moving sport. Take, for example, Saint Peter's Prep in Jersey City, N.J. When tryouts were announced to initiate a soccer club under the direction of a teacher, Mr. Tony Verdoni (former Tulane standout), over 130 boys turned out, twice the number that tried out for football or basketball.

PAUL TOMASZESKI

Jersey City, N.J.

Sirs:

One thought occurred to me on reading the article. I hope there will be provision for standing spectators. In England, at least, most of the younger fans prefer to stand on the terracing rather than sit. This gives a much greater sense of atmosphere and participation.

DAVID N. BURTON

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

It's a pretty tough thing to have to sit back after a career in physical education and coaching—and almost 40 years' association with the great game of soccer—and swallow Martin Kane's thoughtless reference to "poorly coached high schools and

continued



But what if he isn't a "bonus baby"?

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colleges" in what was otherwise a well-turned article.

I don't have to defend our school and college coaches in American soccer. What Kane *ought* to do is point out the difficulties of the coaches' job in competing with the glamour sports and the fact that many of the kids with whom they work have never been near a soccer ball before.

DON Y. YONKER

Elkins Park, Pa.

Sirs:

I think that venerable baseball managers like Leo Durocher and Casey Stengel would disagree with the National Professional Soccer League's premise that a vocabulary of 700 words is sufficient to argue with a referee.

CRAIG LAMBERT

Omaha, Neb.

STRAIGHTENING A RECORD

Sirs:

I see that a slip of the official PGA pen eight years ago has innocently found its way into the career performance chart in the final article of Mark McCormack's excellent series (*My Friend Arnold Palmer*, March 6 *et seq.*).

The PGA statistician erred in recording a 72 instead of a 62 for Arnold's final round in the 1959 Thunderbird Invitational at Palm Springs. Thus it appears that a group of 65s were Palmer's lowest fourth-round scores, when actually it was that 62 back in 1959. I thought you would like to set that record straight.

DOC GIFFIN

Youngstown, Pa.

PERIPHERAL VISION

Sirs:

Recently you suggested a couple of rule changes that would make the game of hockey better (SCORECARD, Feb. 20). I would also like to make a suggestion.

On Feb. 8 the Rangers were losing 2–1 to the Boston Bruins with less than a minute to go. Suddenly, the Boston team had an extra man on the ice for all the world to see. The fans (the game was at Madison Square Garden) and the Ranger bench tried to attract the attention of Referee John Ashley, but to no avail. He just didn't see the extra man.

On March 15 a similar incident occurred, also involving Ashley. This time a member of the Chicago Black Hawks sitting on the bench threw a new stick onto the ice for a Hawk who had broken his. This is illegal. At the time, the score was 2–1, Black Hawks. While the Rangers argued with Ashley, Dennis Hull was observed carrying the broken and the unbroken sticks off the ice.

My point is this. Ashley didn't see the infractions, which isn't his fault. However, maybe a linesman did. If linesmen were

continued



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allowed to call penalties, much illegal activity would be stopped. It is impossible for one man to watch the whole ice, especially on a break. I have seen men trip others in front of a linesman when the referee was not looking. The referee may not have the best angle; not all illegal activity takes place around the puck. Let's change the rules and allow all three officials to call penalties.

GARY MORRIS

Massapequa, N.Y.

NONATHLETES?

Sirs:

I must take exception to reader L. Irvin Williams' contention that race-car drivers are not athletes (19TH HOLE, March 20). If he believes what he says in his letter then his "appreciation" of Richard Petty is shallow indeed.

Auto racing is physically and mentally demanding: it requires constant, intense concentration—often under terrible extremes of heat, toxic fumes and violent accelerations. Auto racing also requires training and practice the likes of which is not to be found in too many of the other popular sports.

Does Mr. Williams know that the same qualities that make a Stirling Moss or Jim Clark preeminent in sports car and Grand Prix racing also make championship-caliber swimmers, horsemen, bobsledders or what have you? Is he aware that the skill required by auto racers is such that, at the top echelons (*i.e.*, Grand Prix racing), hardly more than a dozen men in the world can seriously compete? Can he say the same of World Series baseball?

Granted, auto racing may be unique in that competition is between "teams" of men and machines. But if Mr. Williams would care to do some homework on the sport of motor racing, thus ridding himself of his abysmal ignorance, he would see how aptly his description of an athlete applies to this activity.

LIEUT. JAMES V. HALLORAN III, USAF

Grand Forks AFB, N.D.

Sirs:

If Mr. Irvin Williams does not feel that the outcome of an automobile race is determined by the "skills, fitness and preparation" of the driver, then I challenge him to step into an automobile and drive a hundred laps at Monaco, without thinking. I challenge him to conquer Germany's Nürburgring with its 172 tree-lined corners per 14¼-mile lap or drive in the rain on Spa, Belgium's serpentine course, hitting speeds of 160 mph while holding his gear lever in place with one hand, or race nonstop for 10 hours over Italian roads unknown to him at flat-out speeds, going over blind brows at 170 mph, foot to the floor.

A champion driver is not a true athlete,

continued



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for athletes may make mistakes. Bart Starr may overthrow a receiver and lose a ball game. Arnold Palmer may have trouble putting and blow a match. If a racing driver brakes a split second too late or misses a shift, he could die. So he becomes a faultless machine. One could not possibly watch Jimmy Clark, shifting gears every two seconds, draw away from the field to win the 1965 French Grand Prix in a 4-year-old training car and still say that "the emphasis definitely lies with the car." It is true that the mechanical aspects do play a big part in the sport, but once the driver is behind the wheel the car becomes almost incidental, for on the track the car is only a power source; everything else comes from within the man.

SCOTT RAWNSLEY

Clearwater, Fla.

Sirs:

There is no question that it takes great physical conditioning just to be able to stand the heat and discomfort of a racing automobile while driving at high speeds for long periods of time. The ordinary man could not endure the strain of such constant driving even at normal speeds and in a comparatively luxurious automobile.

As for athletic ability, what else can one call the physical skill involved when a Richard Petty, Jimmy Clark or an A. J. Foyt skillfully controls his machine and makes it go where he wants it to go when he wants it to?

Indeed, to say that a race driver is not an athlete because he uses a car is like saying Bob Seagren is not an athlete because he uses a pole or that Arnold Palmer is not an athlete because he uses clubs!

MICHAEL LUTZ

Rochester, N.Y.

SPEED HORSE

Sirs:

Re Ajax, mount for Colgate-Palmolive's White Knight (PEOPLE, March 13), it seems entirely possible to us that Rider Tom Sweet's quoted speed of 42 mph could be accurate.

Naturally, Man o' War (37 mph), Citation (38 mph) or Swaps (39 mph) could not run that many miles in an hour, and their rates were calculated for their best timing over a shorter route. *The American Racing Manual*, 1966 edition, lists Big Racket's 20 4/5 as a world record for the quarter-mile. Converting this speed into miles per hour would result in a figure of 43.27 mph. Thus, even with 195-pounder Sweet in the saddle, the camera could have caught Ajax's speed over a distance of, say, 10 or 20 yards at such a rate that it could have been converted to the claimed figure of 42 mph.

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Only hope lay ahead at Lincoln

Every horse was a dark horse when the British racing season was kicked off at Lincolnshire

by PAUL BROCK

Even though the cold winds sometimes pinched your cheeks until they were blue, it was a fine thing to be out on the Carholme in the closing days of March when the Lincolnshire Handicap—first big race of the British flat-racing year—was run off.

The Handicap hasn't been run at Lincoln since 1964 (it's at Doncaster now, and they call it the Lincoln), but it still marks the beginning of the season, with all of the racing man's joys and sorrows, his stimulating surprises and his agonizing disappointments lying ahead. Every racing sportsman's blood tingles with hope and anticipation as the Handicap entries go to the post. The Lord only knows what the season may have in store for him, but there he is, happy after a winter of discontent, and to the devil with the cares of tomorrow!

That was always the spirit animating the crowds at Lincoln in the old days. It was one of the happiest and most genuinely sporting crowds that could be encountered.

It has often been remarked how racing nearly always flourishes best in the neighborhood of Britain's historic cathedral cities. It was a noble thing to start the season close by Lincoln's ancient cathedral. "Lincoln was, and London is" is an old saying, and even the most phlegmatic of racing men felt something of the old traditions when he went down there to start afresh at the beginning of the year.

King James I used to see the horse racing at Lincoln. We are told that one April day in 1617 "there was a great horse-race on the Heath for a cupp, where His Majesty was present and stood on a scaffold the citie had caused to be set up, and withall caused the race a quarter of a mile long to be raled and corded with ropes and hoopes on both sides whereby the people were kept out and the horses that ronned were seen faire."

There was a spirit of fair play in these early races that seems to have been lost. The fifth clause in a code that was established for their conduct, bearing the date 1715, enacts that, "If anye of the matched horses or their riders chaunce to fall in anye of the foure heats, the rest of the riders shall staye in their places where they were at the time of the falle untill the rider so fallen have his foote in the stirrupe again."

A decayed and crumbling newssheet tells us about one race that took place in 1744. "They write from Lincoln," the sheet reports, "that on Thursday, seven night, there was a very extraordinary horse-race on the course of that City, between a six-year-old horse belonging to Southcote Parker, of Blyborough, esquire, and one aged twenty-one years, belonging to Gilbert Caldecote, of Lincoln, esquire. They ran fourteen miles round the said course, and performed it in thirty-nine minutes for one hundred guineas, which was won by only a horse length by Parker's horse. There were great wagers laid, and the greatest concourse of people ever seen there on such an occasion."

The modern era of racing at Lincoln dated from about the middle of the last century. The first Handicap was run at the track in 1853.

At first this great race had trouble establishing its importance and interest. But its prospects brightened quickly, and the '70s were the palmy days of the Lincolnshire Handicap. Even today there is as much heavy betting on it as on any other race of its class, and a great deal more than on most. On various occasions the longest odds of all have been brought home safely in it. One such was the victory of the horse Oberon in 1887.

Oberon was running on behalf of "Mr. Manton," a *nom de guerre* of Her Grace, the Duchess of Montrose, otherwise known as the Red Duchess from her partiality to that particular color.

Before the 1887 race at Lincoln the duchess had spent the winter abroad and all the time she was away she sent a continual stream of written inquiries to her trainer, a man named Taylor, as to what the chances of her Oberon were. When her letters produced no replies, or at least no satisfactory information, the duchess began to telegraph. As the day of the race approached, these telegrams became more insistent. She wanted to know whether Oberon was likely to win or not. It was not until the very day before the race that her trainer permitted himself to frame a telegram to his patron, saying simply, THINK OBERON HAS A GOOD CHANCE.

That telegram, when received, electrified the duchess. She packed her bags and was on her hasty way to England within the hour. More than anything she wanted to get to Lincoln in time to see her horse run, but Oberon's number as the winner had been hoisted an hour before she arrived. What's more, the horse had come in at 50 to 1!

For the time being, however, the pleasure of her victory was dimmed for the duchess by the fact that she had been absent, and she was in a bad temper when she sought out the trainer. She found him in the paddock, and there heaped coals of fury and indignation upon his head, because he had not made an earlier reply to the telegrams she had sent.

Cooling down at last, and perhaps feeling that, after all, she had a lot to be thankful for, she patted the patient Alec Taylor on the shoulder and remarked soothingly, "You know, I think you're a pretty good trainer after all." "I'd like," he answered with a dour smile, "to see you find a better—at 50 to 1."

Nowadays thousands of punters, eager for such odds, couple what they hope will be the winner of the Lincoln with what they hope will be the winner of the Grand National. And, win or lose, a little later on they will have another playful double on the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

One of the biggest of these parlays occurred just 20 years ago. Early that year a punter dropped in at one of Britain's biggest turf companies and asked what odds he could have about Jockey Treble winning the Lincolnshire and Double Sam winning the Grand National. He wanted a double.

"We lay you 50,000 to 1," he was told.

"Right," said the backer. "I'll take £300,000 to £6."

We can imagine the punter's feelings

continued



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when Jockey Trehle won the Lincoln. It only wanted Double Sam to oblige and he would be one of the richest men in the country all for £6 and a bit of sporting pluck.

But, as punters will, he started worrying about that £300,000, so near and yet so far away, and finally decided to hedge half his bet with the bookmaker.

He laid off (accepted bets) on Double Sam to the tune of £150,000 to £1,500 And when poor old Sam failed to win the National the backer's double was "bust" but he was richer by £1,500 less his £6 stake. Which is not bad gambling.

The man who started the playful double was tall, jovial Joe Thompson, who in 1880 worked his passage to Australia with his brother Barney Most of the Australian banks crashed in 1889 and the brothers returned to England, where Joe set up a bookmaking business in Jermyn Street, London, in competition with the big layers who dominated the turf at that time

At first you could have 100 to 1 or more against any two horses you cared to name, run or not

For a time all went well with Joe until he met a client whose luck was just about phenomenal Joe started by laying this backer, Raymond Langley, £5,000 to £25 against Clarehaven for the Cesarewitch and Berrill for the Cambridgeshire of 1900 They both obliged, and Joe paid up.

As soon as the entries were out early the next year, up turned Mr Langley again with Little Eva for the Lincolnshire and Grudon for the National, and this time he got £4,000 to £20.

When those two got home and Joe wrote out a check, he began to think that the playful double was not so playful after all

But Mr. Langley called again. He said to Joe, "What price will you lay me Rambling Katie for the Manchester Cup and Stealaway for the Hunt Cup?"

"If I had any sense," said Joe, "I'd lay you evens," but £5,000 to £25 went down in his book

Rambling Katie won the Manchester Cup, and when Stealaway took the Hunt Cup as well, Mr Langley fainted in the Ascot stand.

"Bring him some brandy!" someone shouted

"Brandy be damned!" replied Joe Thompson from the bookmakers' rails "Bring him a wreath " **END**



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